

THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE



DEC
1941

PRIORITY LIST

Aluminum
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YOUR PLANES



YOUR SHIPS



YOUR TANKS



THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT is again using "Prestone" anti-freeze to provide one-shot protection for Army and Navy equipment.

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If you can't get "PRESTONE" anti-freeze REMEMBER THIS-

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NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
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YOU AND THE BILL OF RIGHTS

A POPULAR theme among writers on public questions is the importance of American citizens' recognizing and performing the duties of citizenship with as much care as they insist upon their rights. The development of this theme almost invariably is in general terms, so much so that it might be suspected that the writers themselves do not know precisely just what the duties of citizenship include.

Any honest-minded citizen recognizes the obligations of obeying the law, paying taxes promptly and without attempt at evasion, and of voting intelligently. But beyond this the ideas of the typical citizen are likely to be vague in the extreme.

The following tabulation seeks to state those duties of citizenship which arise directly and naturally out

The first ten Amendments to the Constitution of the United States, commonly known as the Bill of Rights, became effective on December 15, 1791 and are therefore 150 years old. No American need be told how important they are. Professor Coleman of Eastern Illinois State Teachers College, Charleston, offers A Bill of the Duties of the Citizen to parallel the Bill of Rights

of the rights guaranteed by the first ten Amendments to the Federal Constitution. The list of duties is not necessarily complete, but it is offered with the thought that it might be of some value in clearing up the uncertainty that exists in our minds on this subject of civic responsibilities.

While the Bill of Rights protects all persons, aliens in our midst as well as citizens, the citizen has a special obligation to realize that those rights carry with them corresponding duties.

ARTICLE I
CONGRESS shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridg-

ing the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances.

The citizen should not interfere with the religion of others, nor should he attempt to bring the religion of others into disrepute. The citizen should not use his freedom of speech and of the



Freedom of religion, of assembly and of the press come first, and are guaranteed in the First Amendment

By

**CHARLES H.
COLEMAN**

press wantonly to attack the character of others, nor to attack others on grounds of race, national origin, or religion, nor to bring democratic institutions into disrepute. The citizen should not use his right to assemble peaceably to meet with others, to advocate the use of violence against other persons or groups, nor against democratic institutions, nor against the government of his nation, State, or community. The citizen should use his right of petition to encourage his representatives in the Government to safeguard the interests of the whole people, and of democratic ideals, and he should not use this right to promote selfish aims, nor to obtain local advantages at the expense of the national interest.

ARTICLE II

A WELL regulated militia, being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear arms, shall not be infringed.

The right of the citizen to bear arms does not justify the bearing and use of arms for personal reasons, except as permitted by law. This right should be used to defend by arms the laws of the land, the safety of the nation and the ideals of free government, when the citizen is called upon to do so by the proper authority.

ARTICLE III

N O SOLDIER shall, in time of peace, be quartered in any house, without the consent of the owner, nor in time of war, but in a manner to be prescribed by law.

The right of the citizen to be free from having soldiers quartered in his house except as authorized by the Constitution, should not obscure the
(Continued on page 51)

Remington .22's come in 2 speeds

1 KLEANBORE HI-SPEED*

(MAXIMUM POWER—HIGHEST SPEED)



Here's speed that makes the fastest plane seem slow! A Kleanbore Hi-Speed .22 long rifle bullet travels at the rate of 950 miles an hour. That's faster than a dive bomber, faster than sound! Kleanbore Hi-Speed .22's are accurate; they have flat trajectory plus tremendous wallop. Use them for game that's hard to stalk or to kill, and for long-range shooting. Look for the yellow band on the box.

2 NEW—IMPROVED KLEANBORE*

(MODERATE POWER—TARGET SPEED)



Sometimes, you don't need all of Kleanbore's Hi-Speed's extra power. So Remington makes a second type of .22 cartridge—New Improved Kleanbore—with moderate power and target speed. It's right for informal target shooting**, indoors and out, for plinking, for certain kinds of game, or for any shooting requiring hairline accuracy and medium power. Look for the red band on the box... And remember both speeds have Kleanbore priming for clean gun barrels.

BE SURE TO GET THE SPEED YOU WANT!

Remington

DUPONT

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THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE



December, 1941

Vol. 31, No. 6

Postmaster: Please send notices on form 5578 and copies returned under labels from 5579, to 777 N. Meridian St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Published monthly by The American Legion, 455 West 22d St., Chicago, Ill. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of Oct. 3, 1917, authorized Jan. 5, 1925. Price, single copy, 15 cents, yearly subscription, \$1.25

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Indianapolis, Indiana



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Contents

The Message Center

HERE is the authentic stuff of which history is made. It is the first draft of the Preamble to the Constitu-

*In the name of God and our country:
To defend and safeguard the constitution of the United States of America;
to maintain and preserve the principles of freedom, to foster and perpetuate democracy; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses;
to make right the master of might;
to promote peace and good will on earth; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by mutual helpfulness and the application of the Golden Rule,
we dedicate our future by the adoption of this our constitution.*

Submitted by
[Signature]

Important

A form for your convenience if you wish to have the magazine sent to another address will be found on page 49.

tion of The American Legion as submitted to the St. Louis Caucus by Judge George N. Davis, who, following his
(Continued on page 46)

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The AMERICAN LEGION Magazine

"THE RIBBERS"

by Glen Fleischmann



STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
86 PROOF
Copr. 1941, Hiram Walker
& Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois

Double your enjoyment with the

"bonus year" Ten High!

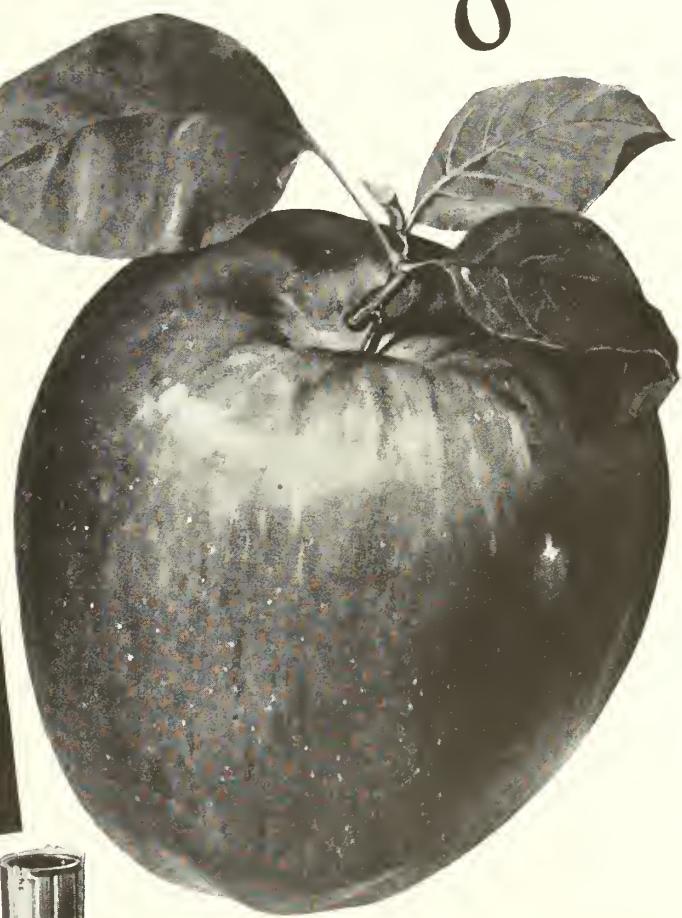
Like an apple picked at its
juicy prime, TEN HIGH is

RIPENED JUST RIGHT-

year, after year,
after year, after year!



This whiskey is
4 years old



You can taste the flavor bonus
in the "bonus year" TEN HIGH!

Yes—a full-ripe extra bonus
of goodness put there by adding
another birthday. And this
is the rich whiskey already so
delicious it's the favorite in
countless homes.

If you don't know this superb four-year-old bourbon,
discover it today. If you're an old-time TEN HIGH fan,
taste the "bonus year" TEN HIGH—and you'll Double
Your Enjoyment of your favorite drink.

..and so YOU'RE



Illustrated by
L. R. GUSTAVSON

You talk to him like a Dutch Uncle. You make him brace up

NOW it's seven-fifteen. It's been a long day. You're tired. You're a little nervous. You squint down the track. In a

minute they'll be here. In a minute they'll be yours, to teach, to guide, to mold. In a minute you'll be on the spot.

You think of the three months just

past—the armies of workmen, the fleets of bulldozers, the frantic haste of contractors. You think of sweat, sand, of

AN OFFICER

18-hour days, meals on the run. You're proud of the miracle that has caused the long rows of white buildings to spring up in the wilderness. You're proud to be here, to do your part in welding an army tough enough to protect itself in the clinches, strong enough to lash out when and if the occasion arises.

The train shudders to a stop. You count 18 coaches. Down the line comes the command "Dis-MOUNT!" and at once the platform swarms with men in khaki. Your non-coms herd them into rough squads. The band sounds off. The long column heads for the bivouac.

You glance at the file nearest you. They've been in the Army less than a week. Their faces are set. They plod along slowly, eyes on the ground. They don't sing or talk. They're blue. They're scared. A few are making a go of it, but most of them are bewildered kids much too far from home.

AT THE Recreation Hall they break ranks and sit down. The Colonel welcomes them. He talks softly, man to man. He says, "Soldiers, the profession of arms is an ancient and honorable one. You are now in the service of your country. It is our task at this Replacement Center to teach you the principles of Field Artillery. You'll be here for 15 weeks. You'll work hard. There's a big job ahead of us. It can and will be done...."

The Chaplain takes over. He gets them singing "There's a Long, Long Trail," the "Beer Barrel Polka."

The runner appears with the completed records. You turn out the men that belong to you, and march them down to their clean new barracks.

It's 1 A.M. when you take off your shoes and throw yourself on top of your bed. The men have been quartered, fed, made thoroughly comfortable. They've been shot for typhoid, quizzed for religious preference. They've drawn rifles, blankets, foot lockers, the hundred odds and ends of the modern soldier. In the process they've learned the rudiments of dismounted drill, of military courtesy, of customs of the service. Already they've had a healthy taste of the Army. Already you can spot their potential leaders.

At 5:15 you roll out from sweet sleep. You grope your way down the dark hall. An icy shower, a lick of the razor, and you're dressed. The moon is still high as you cut across the parade ground.

Down at the kitchen you sample the scrambled eggs. They're good. You check the milk, taste the coffee. You see that there's fruit on every table. You order that the bacon be crisped, that the

By
**TEMPLE H.
FIELDING**

fried potatoes be browned. When reveille is over and the men swarm into the mess hall, they'll find a meal they'll really enjoy.

The first few days are the busiest you'll have. Your group is green, and you start from scratch. You explain a thing once, let them try it, and explain it again. You make them repeat until they've learned it. Hour by hour the salutes have more snap, the backs have more iron, the arms have more swing. Hour by hour the morale swings upward, welding closer the bonds of friendship and of discipline. In a week you've got a battery—not finished, of course, but recognizable.

You find it fascinating to study the problems of each man, and to help when you can. There's Kolenksi. He's a pale, thin youngster, listless in his work. One night you find him in the deserted Recreation Hall, sobbing softly to himself. He's more alone than any man you've ever seen. You don't turn on the lights. You sit down with him. You give him a cigarette. You keep quiet.

Tentatively at first, then in a flood he tells you his troubles. He's homesick. He misses his girl. He rebels at being snatched from work he loved. You learn he's a sign painter, and a good one. You talk to him like a Dutch Uncle. You make him brace up. When you're sure he's under control, you walk back to the barracks with him.

The next morning you dig up orders for signs all over the area. The regiment needs new guidons. The supply officer wants 12 warning signs. The battalion staff need desk blocks. You call in Kolenksi, and tell him about his new job. He'll have to learn to soldier, of course—but part of each day will be devoted to his old profession. When his 15 weeks are up, you promise to see about a transfer to Camouflage, where he can paint to his heart's content. His gratitude is overwhelming. You cut him short, shoo him out, and forget about him. It's only during the next drill period that you realize what you've done. He's a soldier and a man.

Or take Letto. During a rest period the second day, you ask him casually how he likes the Army. He looks up, defiant, cocky—and snarls, "The whole

thing smells!" You let it pass. He's green, he's new, and he doesn't know what he's talking about. Nevertheless, you put a mental tab by his name, and hope that you'll never be forced to refer to it.

A week slips by, and he's no better. You hear he picks a fight in the barracks. You hear he's sassy with the non-coms. You hear he's sloppy, dirty, and inefficient. You say nothing. You sit tight. You watch him like a hawk. A few days later you've got him. In objecting to baked ham and applesauce twice in the same week, he dumps his plate on the floor of the mess hall.

You call him up at once. To his surprise, you are friendly, soft-spoken. You take the court-martial manual and read aloud the Articles of War he has violated. You linger a long time over the penalties for which he is liable. You snap the book shut and say, "Which do you want—a trial, or battery punishment prescribed by me?" He chooses the latter.

You say, "Letto, we can be just as tough as you want us to be. But we think you've got the stuff a good soldier needs. For dumping that food, you'll have no pass privileges for one week, and extra duty for the next six days. For a chance to redeem yourself, you'll be assistant leader of your section for one week. We'll play the game your way, to see what you've got. You alone will determine your future as a soldier."

Responsibility is just what this boy needs. At first the men are inclined to laugh at him, but after a dispute or two they learn he means business. At the end of the week he has worked off his extra duty without a whimper, and has gotten his section squarely behind him. As time goes on you load him with new assignments, and he never once lets you down. In three months he's a corporal, and one of the best on your staff.

IT DOESN'T always turn out so well. You find a few who can never be field artillerymen. There are the mentally slow, for whom even the fundamentals are beyond comprehension. These you tutor at night, often with indifferent success. There are those whose physical coordination is so poor that they cannot qualify even as ammunition carriers. These you pass on to service and labor units. Then there are a few who refuse to meet you halfway—who buck you and the Army despite your every effort to make them see the light. These are the ones who break your heart.

You try your utmost to be an example to your men, for your conduct molds their attitude toward you. You constantly check your bearing, the shine on your brass, your tone of voice. You make certain that all have been fed before you sit down. You never march them at double time without doing it

(Continued on page 31)

Hired Hand



JOE WEATHERFORD knew that the neighbors would be listening in, so he tried to make it sound casual, not puffed up, when he phoned Matt Pender at noon. Matt ran a sort of unofficial employment service at his pool-hall downtown. Joe asked him to send out a good hired hand. The alfalfa was running pretty heavy, he told

Matt; he'd have to have help until it was in the stack. If he could find the right man he'd keep him on permanently.

"I'll see what I can do," Matt said.

So that was that. Joe went back through the kitchen, stopping at the sink for a last drink. It was cold and crystal clear, piped down from the big spring above the corrals. That was one of the things Joe had done last year, getting ready for Myra. Before that, since his folks had died, the cabin had been merely a roosting place, bleak as a pack rat's nest.

It was different now. Myra was washing dishes at the sink, and she made room for him. He beamed at her shyly over the edge of the dipper and she smiled back. They didn't have to put their pride and happiness into words. This hired hand business was a big milestone.

"All I hope for," she said, "is that this hoodlum takes a bath at reasonable intervals. If he chews tobacco, I'll shoot him."

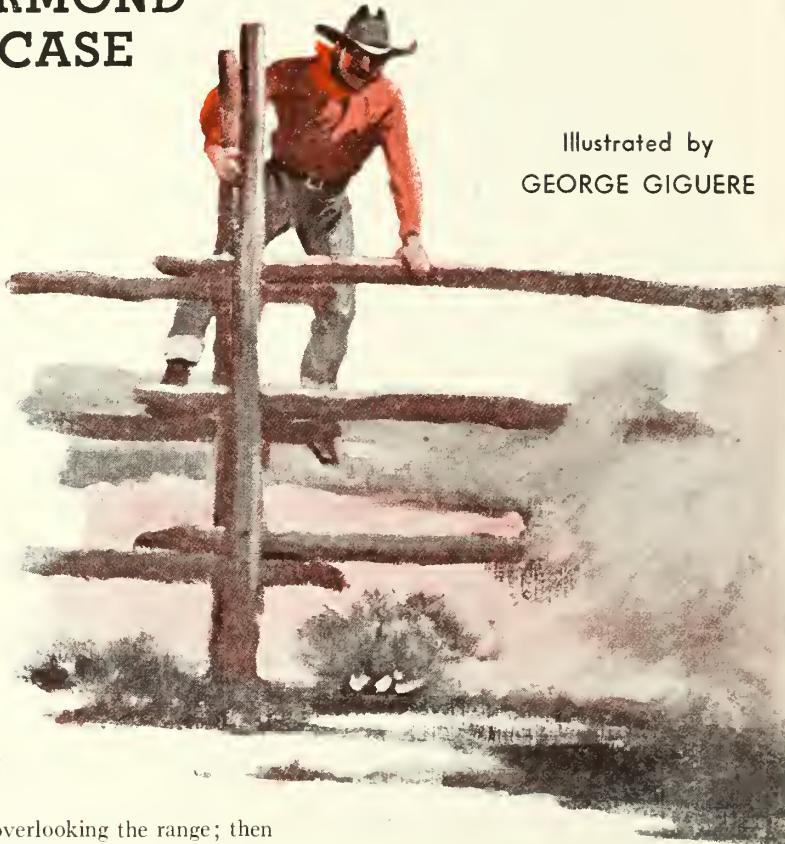
Joe laughed. "Matt won't send out any tramp. Anyway, he'll bunk in the shack. He'll only be underfoot at mealtime."

He hung up the dipper and gave her a good hug. Joe wasn't very big, but broad and solid. She was as tall as he, compactly built and healthy as clover. She was wearing a print dress and not much else on account of the heat; and the touch of her firm, warm body filled him with delight. A hundred times during the past year he had asked himself how he, plain, plodding, blushing Joe Weatherford, rated a woman as fine and beautiful as Myra.

He went out into the blistering sunlight, plodding along solidly as usual but feeling on top of the world. The farm buildings were on a bench on the north side of the blind canyon. The house was



By
**ROBERT
ORMOND
CASE**



Illustrated by
GEORGE GIGUERE

out in front, overlooking the range; then came the shack, then the barn. Back of the barn was the old breaking pen, built of double posts and thick rails. Joe's father had been a famous horse-breaker in the early days, and had tamed many a wild one there.

It served a different purpose now. The pen, and a stout runway leading down to the creek below the spring, made a perfect feed-lot for Monty. Everything had to be heavily built around Monty. He was a Holstein bull, five years old, and his registered name was Lord something-or-other of Whoosis of Montgomery. There were also fifteen pure-bred heifers down in their own feedlot. That was one of Joe's dreams, and Myra's now; to swing away from beef and concentrate on fine dairy stock.

The barn formed one end of the pen. As he led the horses out, Joe said, feeling good: "Hi, Monty! How's tricks?" Monty was lying

massively in the shade, taking his royal ease. He kept on chewing his cud, his heavy-lidded eyes half closed.

You didn't really get funny with Monty, ever. He was a mean one. When you see a Holstein that big and in his fighting prime you're looking at one of the most formidable animals that walk the planet. Monty's skull was as broad as Joe's chest. When he stood up his muscle-sheathed back was higher than Joe's tawny head, and he weighted an even ton.



Myra didn't understand Monty, though she'd been raised on the range. Her folks were the Banfields, whose land and beef had once rated second only to that of the Star Cross, the great King Ranch. But the only bulls she'd known were white faces — dim-witted, slow-moving. It had been a bad moment when Joe had
(Continued on page 40)



GEORGE
GIGUERE

Monte's back was arched and his neck bowed and ribbed like a giant accordion, but they held him away

DECEMBER, 1941

Got a job: **GET ME A ROOM**

HOW THE NATIONAL DEFENSE EFFORT IS OUT-
STRIPPING HOUSING FACILITIES ALL OVER AMERICA



Papa, mamma and the boy may live five
or six blocks from where he works, or . . .

TO LOOK at Frank Robbins you wouldn't take him for a national problem. Maybe he won't be one. He doesn't want to be one and there's a chance he'll beat that rap. Give him credit—he's trying.

Frank helps inspect airplane engines in a United Aircraft factory in Connecticut. When the A. E. F. was coming home he was making his debut in the first grade. Now he's married, with four kids.

Up to a few months ago the Robbins family had a six-room house in a little town down Cape Cod way. Frank paid 25 dollars a month rent for it. Now the Robbinses live in a trailer in the park across from the engine factory in East Hartford, Connecticut. The youngest of the children is with Mrs. Robbins's family in Massachusetts. That makes five in the trailer. The rent bill is \$32 a month now.

But let Frank tell his own story, as he did at a hearing on problems arising from migratory workers in defense industries last summer.

"I wasn't making enough money to

support my family, so I left home to find a job where I could support them. In East Hartford I landed one that pays me 70 cents an hour. I about wore myself out looking for a house for three weeks. There was nothing I could afford, so I made a deal for the trailer. It costs me \$20 a month and I pay \$12 more for the parking privilege, which includes electric lights and water.

"Crowded? Yes, a little. But I work nights. Two of the children can sleep in my bed while I'm working."

"How do you like your job?" someone asked him.

"Very much."

"You are satisfied with it?"

"Absolutely."

By
**DANA
HUBBARD**



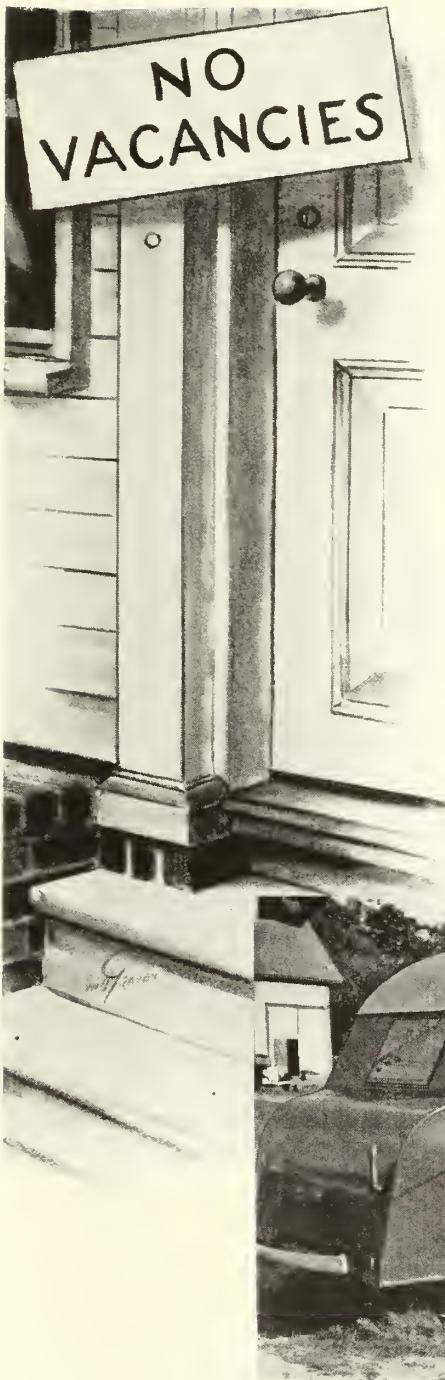
"Would you rather be here in Hartford or back where you came from?"

"I would rather be here and so would my wife."

"Are you saving any money out of your salary?"

"Yes, I am. I have the company take \$2.50 a week out of my wages. Lots of the other men in the plant do, too. The Aircraft Credit Union pays us interest."

IT WOULD be a mistake to call Frank Robbins typical of the vast army of migrant workers that is hammering, riveting, digging and forging a defense for America. He isn't typical. Call him a symbol instead, and a pretty encour-



aging symbol at that, first because he's satisfied with his job and wants to stick at it and, secondly, because he seems to have enough Yankee common sense to save some of his wages. Those attributes don't seem to crop out too often in these rover boys of 1941 who are already bulking up as an acute problem to torment the economists, social workers and taxpayers when World War No. 2 ends and someone opens the valves on the prosperity balloon that it stimulated.

There will be a post-war slump. No one can reasonably doubt that. And what is America going to do about it? There is just a possibility that the answer to that question, when it is answered, will prove to be one of the most genuinely significant chapters in this nation's history. The Government

won't write that chapter. Nor will business, the social welfare agencies, educators or the Legion. Probably all of them will have a hand in it, as they should have in a representative republic. I contend that it isn't too early, even now before America has reached the peak of her defense effort, for officers of the Posts of the Legion (and those men who know they are going to hold office in the future) to start thinking about what they can do to lessen the economic shock in their communities in shifting from war prosperity to peace. The undyed fact of the matter is that it's already a lot later than most of us think.

Within the next few months 50 percent of the factory workers in New York State will lose their jobs, it is authoritatively declared. The layoff will cost workers about a billion dollars in wages. The Associated Industries of New York State, Inc., says that unsound government policy in apportioning materials between civilian and defense industries is responsible. Data from 600 industrial plants indicate that more than half of these plants, not being engaged in defense production, won't be able to get the materials they must have in order to operate.

one big industrial community a slight taste of what is to come when there is peace or an armistice once again in Europe. New York State ought to be an industry laboratory to watch during the winter of 1941-42, even if the tests don't prove entirely conclusive.

One of the vice-presidents of an important bank in the Middle West likes to tell his accounts—he is in charge of commodity loans to food industries—"You can't outguess a war." His bank believes that bit of oracular advice has saved its customers millions of dollars. However that may be, there are plenty of level-headed economists who recognize that there may be some real advantages in trying to outguess events that they consider will certainly take place at the end of this war. That is one of the most encouraging developments today in connection with the task of avoiding a post-war slump. Employers and organized labor alike know there will be a post-emergency situation facing them that will call for their best efforts. A Congressional Committee headed by Representative John H. Tolan of California has been holding hearings on national defense migration for nearly a year in various industrial centers. Studding the records of these

hearings are the comments of industrialists, labor leaders, government officials, social workers and others who see a crisis descending as America says *au revoir* to the Utopia that sprang from war in Europe. They don't know whether or not they can outguess the post-war problems, but they're getting ready to



... they may get one of these trailers for their car, and live more than a hop, skip and jump from the factory. Above, home is where the baby carriage is. And note the washboard!

If the threatened shut-down materializes, it won't involve wrestling with the problem of migratory workers to any great extent. It may, nevertheless, give

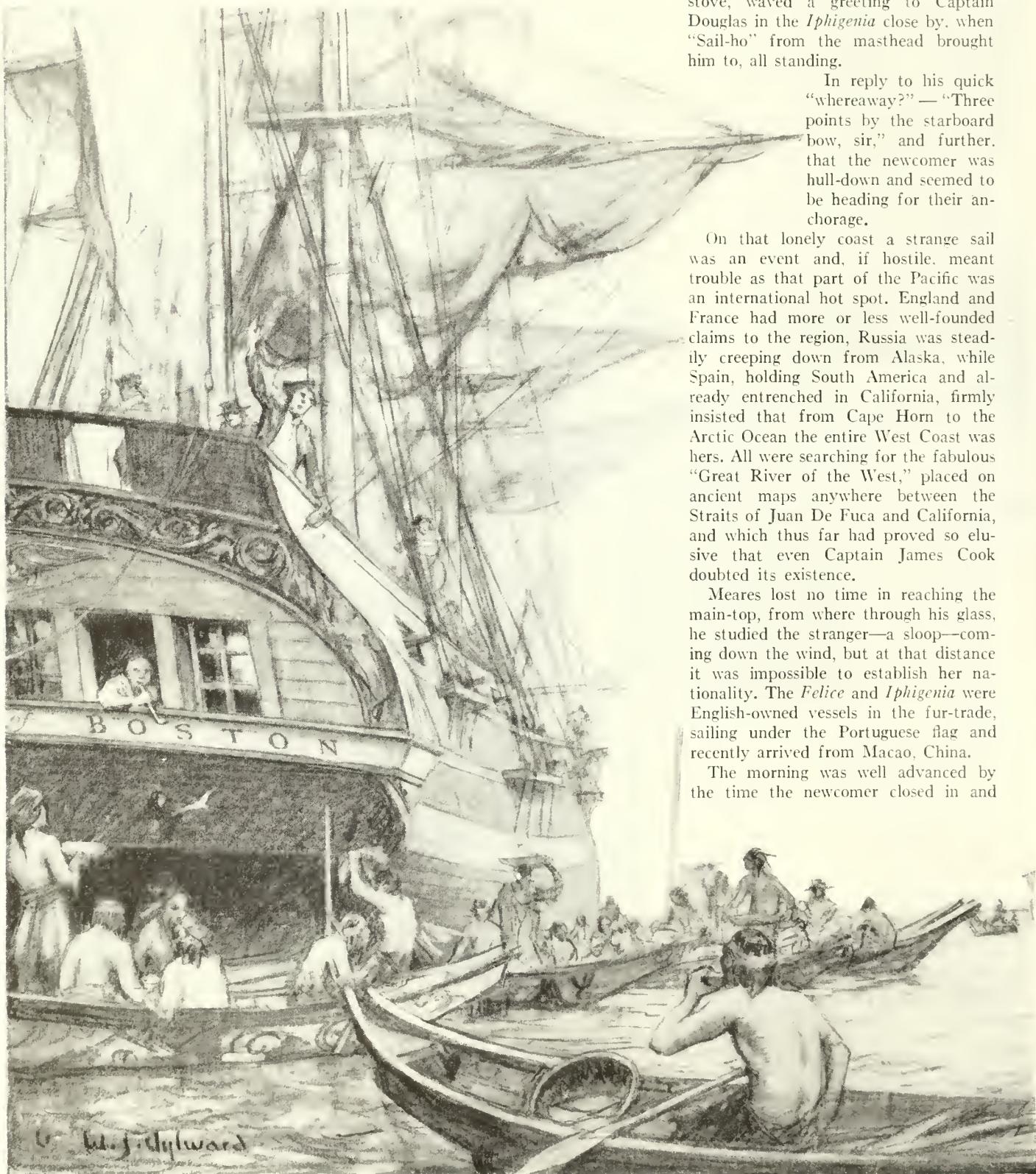
have a try at it, a planned try. As a cross section of the American people, the Legion can't sit on the sidelines. (Continued on page 48)

THE HIDDEN RIVER

By

W. J. AYLWARD

Illustrated by the Author



AT SEVEN bells on a bright August morning in 1788 Captain John Meares had just come on deck in the brig *Felice* lying at anchor in Nootka Sound. He sniffed with relish the keen sea-air scented with pine and the bacon sizzling on the galley stove, waved a greeting to Captain Douglas in the *Iphigenia* close by, when "Sail-ho" from the masthead brought him to, all standing.

In reply to his quick "whereaway?" — "Three points by the starboard bow, sir," and further, that the newcomer was hull-down and seemed to be heading for their anchorage.

On that lonely coast a strange sail was an event and, if hostile, meant trouble as that part of the Pacific was an international hot spot. England and France had more or less well-founded claims to the region, Russia was steadily creeping down from Alaska, while Spain, holding South America and already entrenched in California, firmly insisted that from Cape Horn to the Arctic Ocean the entire West Coast was hers. All were searching for the fabulous "Great River of the West," placed on ancient maps anywhere between the Straits of Juan De Fuca and California, and which thus far had proved so elusive that even Captain James Cook doubted its existence.

Meares lost no time in reaching the main-top, from where through his glass, he studied the stranger—a sloop—coming down the wind, but at that distance it was impossible to establish her nationality. The *Felice* and *Iphigenia* were English-owned vessels in the fur-trade, sailing under the Portuguese flag and recently arrived from Macao, China.

The morning was well advanced by the time the newcomer closed in and

broke out her colors. Captains Meares and Douglas, greatly relieved to see the starry flag of the new republic, put off to welcome the master, Captain Robert Gray, of the 90-ton sloop *Lady Washington* and direct him to a safe anchorage in the rocky roadstead. Three hundred and twenty days before, the *Washington* had sailed from Boston in company with the *Columbia Rediviva* (later *Columbia*), a ship of 220 tons, commanded by Captain John Kendrick but had not seen her since April 10th when a gale off Cape Horn had separated the two. She arrived a week later with a scurvy-ridden crew and a tale of hard luck—of how springing a leak she was forced to put in at Juan Fernandez to refit, replenish spoiled provisions and water, and cure her sick, two of whom had already died. And how, for his common humanity in aiding the distressed seamen, the Spanish governor of the island was summarily removed!

Indians holding pelts on high soon surrounded the vessels, eager for trade, while others brought berries and ready-boiled crabs, a boon to the sailors. A fresh diet soon made scurvy a thing of the past, which with the other hardships of the voyage was promptly forgotten. A few days after the arrival of the *Columbia* the Americans joined in celebrating the launching of the first vessel built on the west coast, appropriately named *Northwest America*, and shortly afterward the British officers were entertained at dinner aboard the *Columbia* on the anniversary of her sailing.

As always happened wherever and whenever men gather together, Old Man River popped up in the conversation and over the pipes and Madeira, Captain Meares told how, two months before, he had spiked the Spanish claim

Holding pelts aloft the red men swarmed out in canoes to meet the ships

that the "Great River of the West" had at last been found at 46 degrees, ten minutes, by Lieutenant Bruno Heceta, acting-captain of the *Santiago*, on June 10, 1775, ending his yarn by stating:

"We can now positively assert that no such river as the San Roque exists as laid down on the Spanish charts," and that "Heceta had put on his map a bay which was not there and gave a name to a river he had never seen."

Meares, a capable seaman and a true Briton—perhaps a shade too much so—had commanded ships of the Honourable East India Company and was, besides, an old hand on the coast. Naturally, young Gray then but thirty-two, listened with respect to the Voice of Experience. But he remembered how, at that same spot in coming up the coast he had made an entry in his log of a change in the color of the water and of meeting a strong current setting toward the southwest; that a compass-bearing indicated this current stemmed from the two headlands described by Meares and that after sailing a mile or so, the current suddenly disappeared and he was on blue-water once more. As the only logical explanation for this phenomenon he thought a large river must empty into the sea between the two headlands. And had not the *Santiago* been so short-handed, due to a previous massacre of a large portion of her crew, that her Captain "durst not drop his anchor as he had not men enough to raise it again," Heceta would have found his surmise to be correct.

A strong ambition seized him—the lure of the quest took hold! After all,

this was the *American* Continent. Why should not America be first on that river which he had every reason to believe really did exist?

Meanwhile trade was good and the men busy ashore building a stockade and winter quarters, laying in food supplies and making charcoal for the smiths. The shipsmiths were turning out chisels by the hundred, these being the best legal-tender in bartering for the skins with the coastal Indians who were skilled workers in wood and built sea-going dug-out canoes of incredible size. The story of how one of these chisels was given by Gray for skins valued at two hundred, eight hundred, and even eight thousand dollars still persists but the ship's log puts these "chiseler" in a different light.

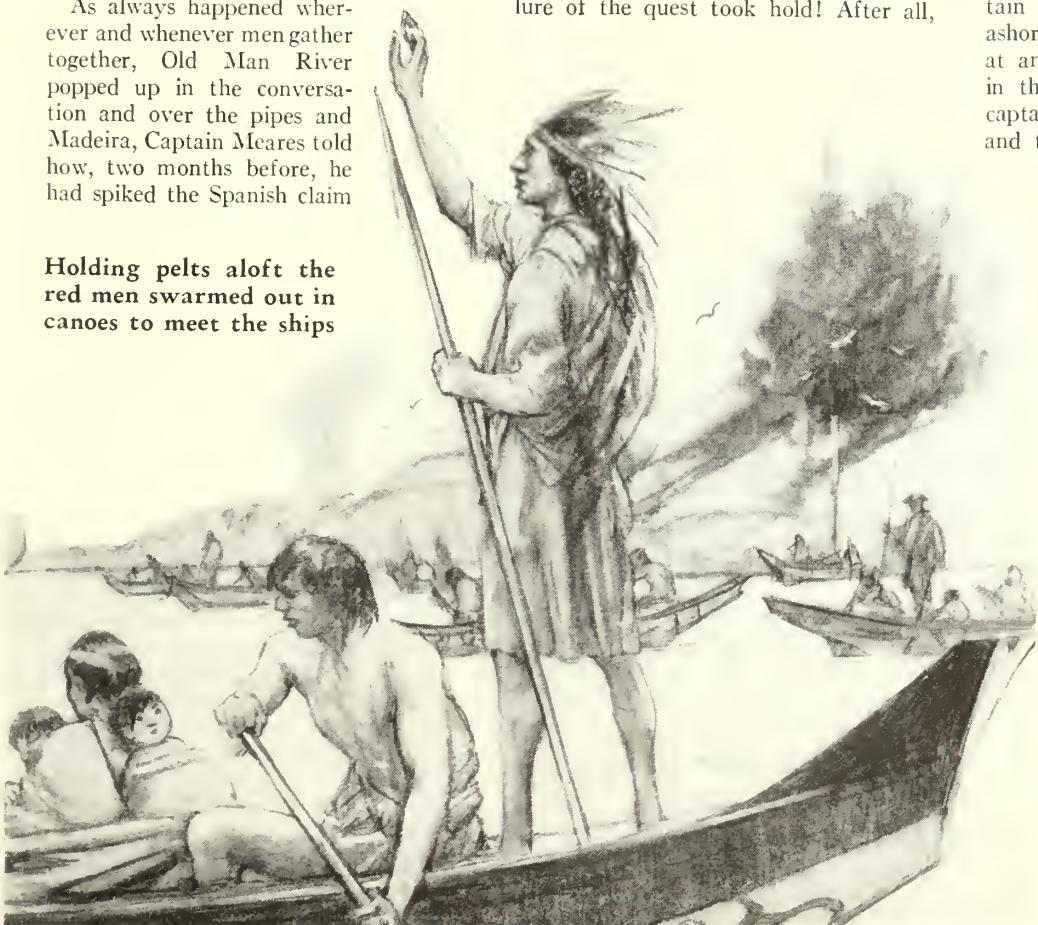
"At one place a large fleet of canoes came off in great parade and offered their sea-otter skins for one chisel each. Our men readily bought the lot—two hundred in number—worth from six to eight thousand dollars."

This was the best bargain they had ever made as they seldom could get a good skin for less than six or ten chisels. An average price was one skin for a blanket, four for a pistol and six for a musket. But, as according to Captain Cook, "a prime sea-otter skin was (then) worth from sixteen to twenty pounds sterling in the Canton market," this left a fair margin for profit.

The Americans early discovered that only by practicing constant vigilance would they survive. On his way to Nootka Sound in the *Washington* Captain Gray sent almost the entire crew ashore "to gather grass for the animals" at an unidentified spot. While engaged in this work they were set upon, the captain's servant, a black boy, was slain and the rest would promptly have fol-

lowed him, and the sloop been certainly captured, had not their retreat to the boats been covered by the skilful serving and accurate fire of the broadside-guns by Captain Gray and the only two other men left aboard. Later the *Columbia* lost three men in this way and was repeatedly attacked in force by scores of huge war-canoe crammed with savage warriors. But the ship mounted ten guns and in one case the log entry ends "We fired into them with serious results." In winter quarters, with the ship moored to the bank, a surprise night-attack would have resulted in a massacre had not Gray been warned in time. He hauled off to an anchor and opened the party by greeting his uninvited guests with a shower of grape.

Never more than two savages were ever allowed on board at a time. But one day this (*Continued on page 44*)





A "SLICE OF LIFE"

Complete on These Two Pages

THE door of the telegraph room of the Pinktown *Eagle* swung to, shutting out the noise of the machines recording the day's news grist. The telegraph editor called out to the city editor:

"Here's something for you, Jack. Might wanna get a picture."

The city editor reached out his hand and took the piece of copy. It read: "Bagtown, June 1—James Walloby, aged thirty-two, was shot and killed here tonight when he tried to hold up Miss Marion Perkins, ticket seller at the Bijou moving picture theater. A man whose name the police have thus far withheld grappled with the bandit when other patrons, cowed by his revolver,

held up their hands. In the struggle the gun was discharged and went through the hold-up man's heart. Walloby is said by the police to have come here from Pinktown seven years ago."

The city editor called out to the reporters grinding away at their typewriters: "Anybody here know a fellow named Walloby, used to live here several years ago?"

"Jim Walloby?" one of the older men asked. "Yes, I know him. You do, too, don't you, Harry?" turning to another reporter.

"Yes, I lived next door to him, and went to school with him. What's happened to him?"

"Got killed trying to hold up a theater

Illustrated by
HERBERT M. STOOPS



THE HOME TOWN GETS THE News

By

ARTHUR B. ALLEN

in Bagtown," the city editor answered. "You two get busy and give me about three hundred words to go under a jumbo dash for this edition. Joe, you write the lead. I'll see if the morgue's got a picture."

Fifteen minutes later this addition to the Bagtown account of the shooting went to the *Eagle* composing room:

"James Walloby, who was killed last night in Bagtown trying to hold up a movie cashier, was born and brought up in Pinktown, and attended the high school here, being expelled in his junior year. His father, the notorious Pete Walloby, ran a gambling club in the Austin Building up to the time of his death ten years ago, and many times ran afoul of the police because of his questionable methods. Jim Walloby's mother, who died when he was very small, is said to have been a dancer in a cheap carnival company which got stranded in Pinktown, and it is said that she married the elder Walloby only because he threatened to expose her activities in a shady enterprise unless she yielded to him.

"Young Walloby was always in trouble. In his sophomore year in high school he led a strike against the authority of the late Principal Croydon when that educator refused to allow the boys to roll dice in the recreation room. Backed by a vicious element in city hall, the young hoodlums succeeded in checkmating the principal, but Walloby was expelled from school the following year when he was caught red-handed selling examination papers which he had

pilfered from a teacher's desk. About seven years ago, after trying several jobs without success, he went to Bagtown. He had not been heard from recently, but news of his death and the manner of it occasioned little surprise here. The general feeling about town last night was expressed in the statement of one prominent citizen, 'He had it coming to him!'"

Hardly had the city editor sent the story to the composing room when the telegraph editor rushed in, shouting:

"Kill that story on Walloby. Got a sub that changes it all around. Walloby isn't dead. He's the hero of the hold-up, the guy that jumped on the bandit. They had it all balled up."

"Harry," the city editor cried to one of the reporters who had worked on the story, "run down and get that yarn. It's got a number five head. Joe, start grinding out a sub. Step on it, now, we've got only fifteen minutes to the first edition."

Ten minutes later the new version was on the city editor's desk. He glanced through it rapidly, adding three sentences, and sent it along. Next morning's paper carried the Pinktown follow-up story this way:

"James Walloby, hero of the attempted hold-up at Bagtown last night, is well and favorably known in Pinktown, where he was born and brought up. His father, the late Peter F. Walloby, was the genial and popular steward of the Decatur Club in the Austin Building, in its day a favorite rendezvous of men-about-town. His mother, who was a leader in the social life of the South Side, is said to have played *Ophelia* and *Juliet* in New York Shakespearean productions, and old residents recalled last night that it was during an engagement in Pinktown that the elder Walloby met her. After a whirlwind courtship he persuaded her to forsake the footlights for the palatial home which he built for her on Decker Street. The hero of last night's hold-up was their only child. Mrs. Walloby died when Jim was two years old, and the grief-stricken Walloby never remarried."

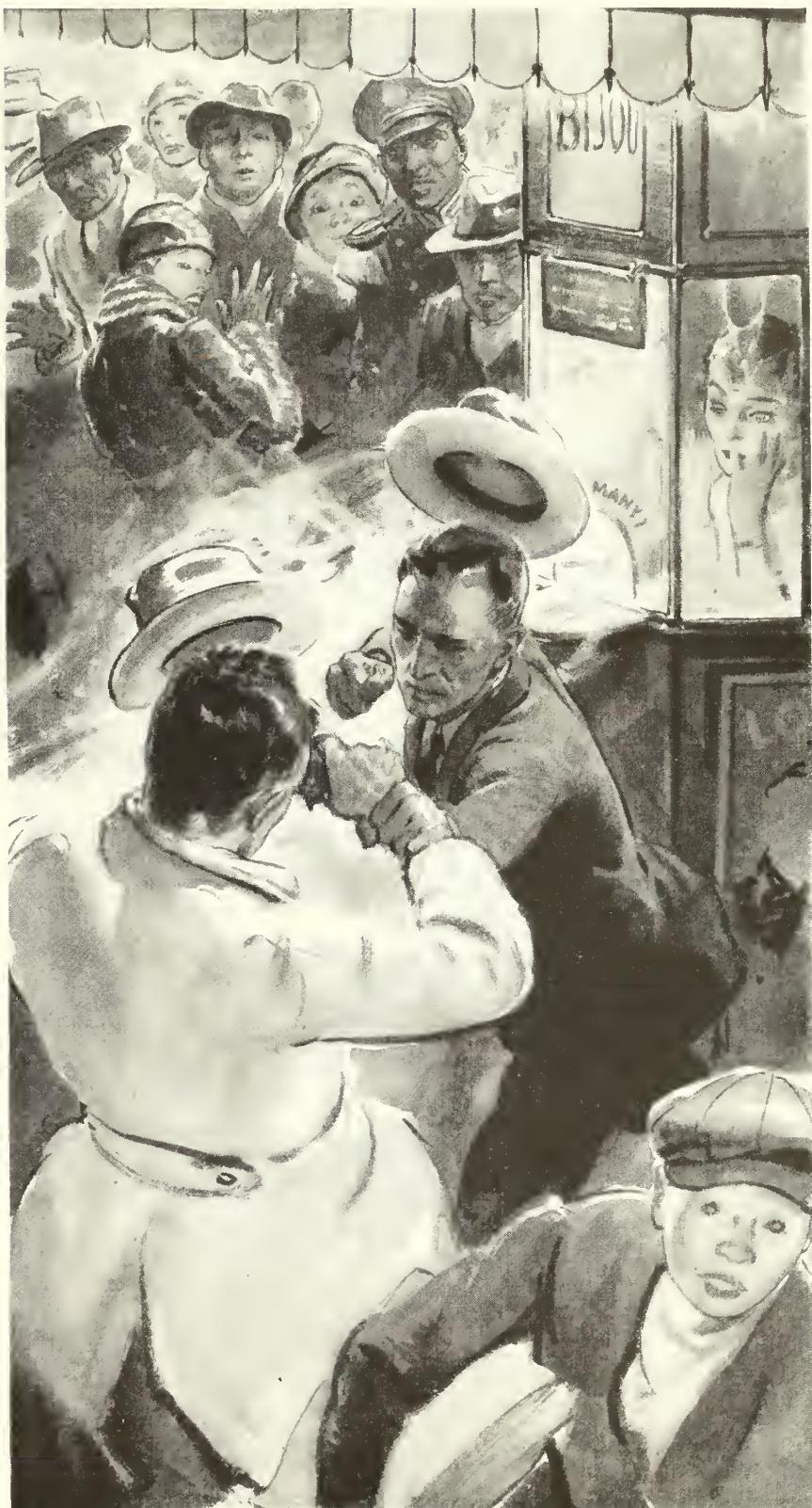
"James Walloby early gave evidence of his courage and initiative by leading a student revolt against the late Principal Croydon of the high school during his sophomore year when that official sought to keep the boys from having any games in the recreation room at the school. Organizing the boys under the slogan, 'Wreck the Recreation Room?—NEVER,' he carried the fight to a public hearing before the school board, and an aroused public sentiment forced the board to accede to the students' wishes. Principal Croydon got his revenge the following year by expelling the brilliant young Walloby on a trumped-up charge of cheating to which that young gentleman's subsequent career has eloquently given the lie."

"Seven years ago, having received an

attractive offer from a well-known oil company, James Walloby left Pinktown. He had since lived in Bagtown, from which glowing reports of his success have come back to his friends and well wishers (and they are legion) in this city. Plans were under way last night for a great homecoming banquet for Mr. Walloby in the grand ballroom of the new Hotel Pinktown. Half a

dozen prominent citizens who grew up with him on the South Side will be the nucleus of a large citizens' committee in charge of the banquet.

"Pinktown is proud of this courageous son of an eminent father. As a well-known citizen phrased it last night, 'It's what you might have expected of Jim Walloby.' The *Eagle* wishes to be the first to extend congratulations."



An unidentified man grappled with the bandit, who was killed when his gun was discharged in the struggle



Poker? YOU BET!

A FEW TALL TALES INVOLVING A GAME WHICH, RUMOR HAS IT, YOU PLAYED WHEN IN UNIFORM, TOLD BY A MAN WHO KNOWS HIS ACES, AND WE DON'T MEAN CONTRACT BRIDGE ALONE. GRAN-PAPPI PLAYED THE OLD ARMY GAME, WHETHER HE WORE THE BLUE OR THE GRAY, RECRUITS CUT THEIR EYE TEETH ON INSIDE STRAIGHTS BACK IN '98, AND TODAY STUD AND DRAW ARE AS POPULAR AS EVER IN THE CAMPS AND ON THE SHIPS AND SHORE STATIONS

"NICE work, Ozzie," a friend congratulated me the other day. "You're making a great hit with that book of yours. Everywhere I go, they're playing more than twice as much poker as they used to."

"It's not the book," I told him. "It's the Army. Poker's the original Old Army Game; and when the Army expands, poker booms along with it."

I wasn't being modest; I was just stating a fact. Just think back and you'll see that it's so. Before the Civil War, poker in this country was limited to New Orleans and a few towns along the Mississippi. The war brought millions of men together—men who wanted excitement and action when they played a game. Their answer, then as now, was poker.

After the war, thousands of soldiers went out West to found new homes, and

they took their favorite game with them. That's how poker came to the West two or three generations ago.

The Spanish-American War caused a mild poker boom towards the turn of the century, but the effect was much more noticeable in the World War. That's when poker became a truly national game. For the Army gave thousands of Westerners the chance to teach the game to Easterners; and after the war the Easterners went home and taught it to their friends.

Today we have ringside seats at the biggest boom of them all. Poker is still the favorite army game, and the new soldiers will fall for it just as hard as their grandfathers did.

I saw some of it during the Christmas leave. Quite a few young fellows, sons of my friends, came home on leave from camp, enthusiastic poker fans. Enthusi-

asm's catching for now the girls (and boys) they left behind them are playing it. And that's just the beginning. Wait until all those boys finish their full training. There'll be a hundred thousand new poker fans, each eager to organize a game in his circle of friends.

People who realize what's going on sometimes ask me what effect it'll have on bridge. Very little effect, I tell them. I was a bridge fan in 1918 (it was auction bridge in those days), but when I got into the Army I didn't play a dozen rubbers of auction; it was always poker. When I got back to civilian life, I didn't lose my taste for poker—but I've managed to get in a little bridge, too.

There's another curious thing about army poker that's as true today as it was twenty-odd years ago. They play straight five-card stud and draw—none of these fancy concoctions with weird hands and nine wild cards. When you're taking life without frills you want your games the same way.

Now, talking about army poker brings to mind the experience my former office boy Billy had in one of the new training camps. Billy is a good boy—too good. An only son, he'd been kept under pretty strict control at home. So he really welcomed it when he was called up. Now he was free to be one of the boys!



Then the argument started, and when it got to its height it wasn't just a brawl, but the Battle of Gettysburg

The pot was opened ahead of him while all this was going through his mind, and one of the boys gave him a good poke in the ribs to bring him back to earth. "I'll stay," said Billy hastily. Then he called himself an idiot, for the next man raised. If he'd thrown his cards away, he'd have been out of the whole mess.

Much to his surprise, the opener just called the raise; and he realized that he was expected to raise back. But Billy couldn't see any sense in digging his own grave, so he just called. He'd have tossed his cards in except that now he was curious to see what would happen.

The opener drew three cards, Billy drew one, and the raiser drew two. The opener checked, and so did Billy. Then, just as Billy thought he would, the raiser made a bet. The opener dropped, and Billy—still curious—called.

"Aces full," sang out the other fellow as he reached for the pot. Billy couldn't believe his ears; he'd been positive the other fellow would wind up with four

Illustrated by NORMAN PRICE

Soon after he arrived at camp he had a chance to get to town, and he wandered into an ice-cream parlor. There, in the back, were a bunch of the boys from the camp playing draw poker. Billy gulped and asked if he could sit in. And before he knew it, Bill had a chair under him and five cards in front of him on the table. Then he picked up his first hand and found four kings staring him right smack in the face!

Naturally, his first impulse was to bet every cent he had (and that wasn't very much, for nobody in the game had more than three or four dollars).

But then he remembered what his father told him about poker games and strangers. Very clumsy of them, thought Billy, to frame him on the very first hand! They wouldn't catch him for much!



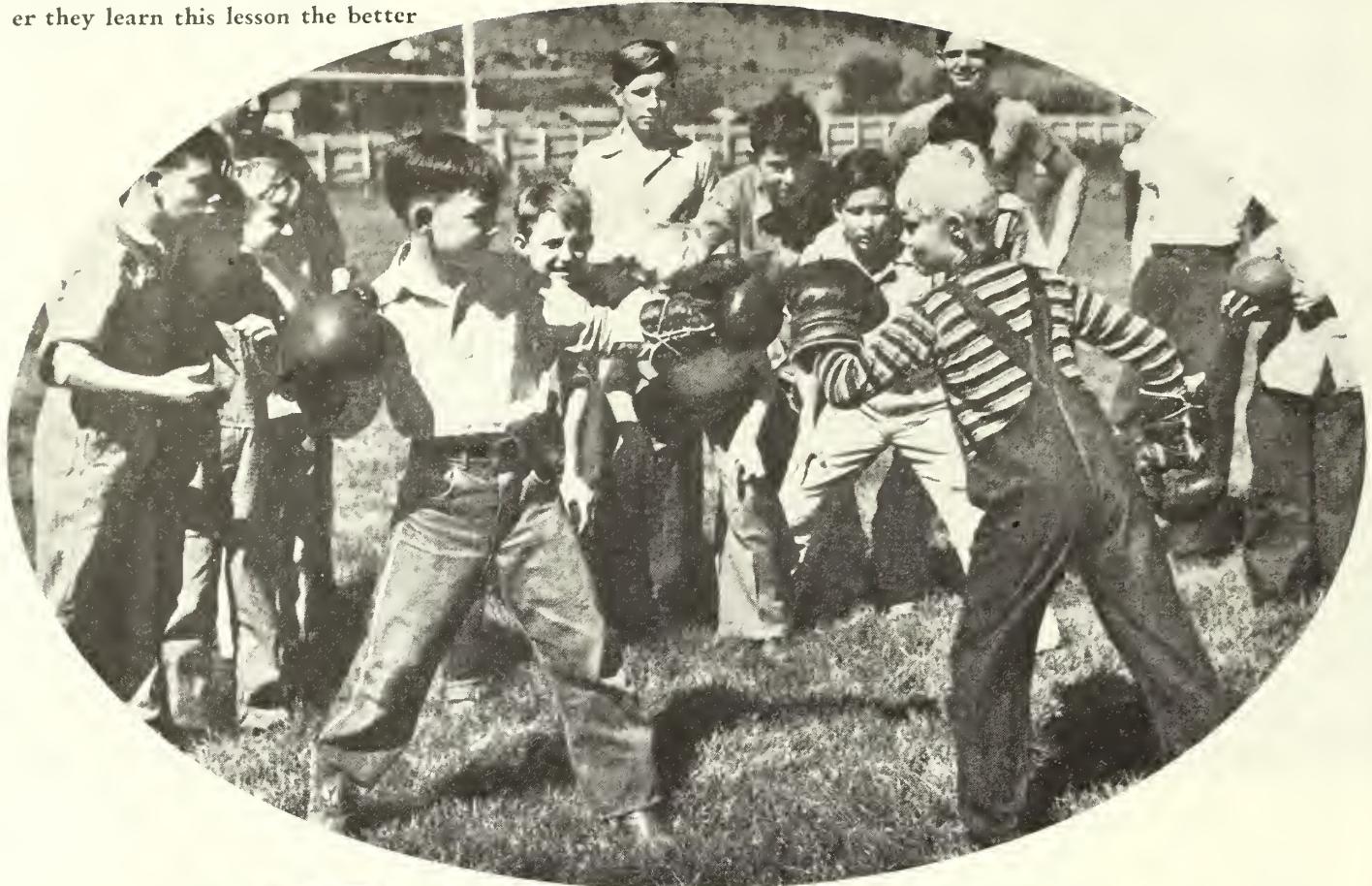
By
**OSWALD
JACOBY**

aces or a straight flush! All of a sudden he felt a little sick. The whole business had been on the up-and-up after all his suspicion.

"Hold on," he muttered. "It's my pot." And he laid down his four kings.

"It was terrible," Billy told me, when he saw me during the Christmas leave. "They all sat there and looked at my hand, and (Continued on page 34)

Take it and dish it out—the sooner they learn this lesson the better



Everybody GET FIT, STAY FIT

STRUNG out in Dinosaur Park on Hangman's Hill in Rapid City, atop the city's skyline, loom five monsters of concrete and steel, replicas of reptiles that roamed the region before Adam's time. They are suggestive of a chaos to which this earth may be returned if a mad ruthlessness of man toward his kind shall destroy man himself and give it back to beasts. From a tree on Hangman's Hill in early days three horse thieves, the "goods" found,

not on them, but tied near by, came to their end at the hands of the citizens.

Because Rapid City is mindful of its past and has iron in its makeup, it is engaged in an activity to promote the physical fitness of its people and assure man-power to Uncle Sam in a time when he may need it in defense against aggression. It is one of the communities, the country over, that have entered upon the national program, sponsored by The American Legion, for physical and health education through recreation. This "for preparedness and national defense."

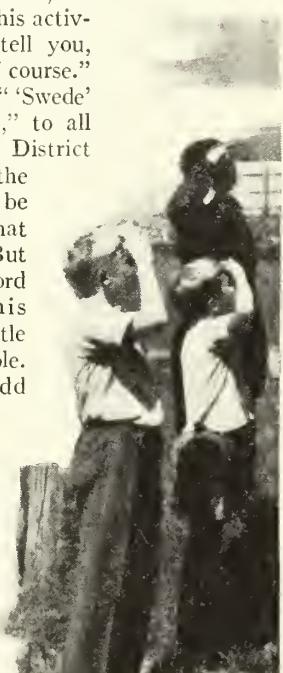
Ask anybody in the town—that is,

anybody but one—who is the spark-plug, the main-spring, the wheel horse, the prime mover, in this activity and he will tell you, "H. A. Nielsen, of course."

Only he will say "Swede" Nielsen." "Swede," to all Rapid Citians, is District Commander of the Legion. Let him be spokesman for what has been done. But not yet. First, a word or two about his spick-and-span little city of 15,000 people.

No need to add

WHAT Rapid City Legionnaires have done in setting up The American Legion's physical-fitness program in their city is inspiring evidence of what can be done in every community in the United States.—FRANK G. McCORMICK, chairman, The American Legion's National Advisory Committee on health education, physical education and recreation.



"South Dakota" in naming it. Some of you readers know it as the eastern gateway to the Black Hills, a beauty spot of America; some as within an hour's drive of those four Great Stone Faces of Mount Rushmore. But its secure place in the national picture and memory comes from having been, with the region around, the summer residence of a President of the United States.

From that President's temporary office in its high school, a building now bearing the name of Coolidge, went forth in 1927 the laconic ten-word statement—to take its place with "We have met the enemy, and they are ours" and "You may fire, Gridley, when you are ready"—which upset the political applecart of the period: "I do not choose to run for President in 1928." Time is still reckoned in Rapid City as so many years before or after Coolidge, and a sizeable number of boys in the early 'teens in it and the neighborhood around are struggling to live up to the name of "Calvin." Perhaps an equal number of girls thereabouts, in their early 'teens, bear the name of "Grace" without struggle or distress, proud and happy to have been named after a gracious and well

loved Lady of the White House.

"In the area served by Rapid City Post of the Legion"—this is Swede Nielsen speaking—"our program on recreation up to the spring of 1941 consisted of backing Legion Junior Baseball, Boys' State and a Boy Scout troop. Last winter Frank McCormick, director of physical education and athletics at the University of Minnesota—some think he's the man who tells Bernie Bierman how to coach football — came to our town and gave us a talk. He spoke on the Legion's national recreation program 'to develop further the man-power and morale of the nation.'

"Frank, a former South Dakotan, is, you know, chairman of the Legion's national advisory committee in the promotion of this more man-power cause. He showed the

film, 'Making the Most of Playtime.' The film is sponsored by the National Americanism Commission of the Legion, which is supervising the recreation program. Frank's audience was representative of our school board and other public agencies concerned with health and recreation, and of virtually all our private civic bodies.

"That film is superb. It depicts what grand results can be had with young people through vigorous play under trained leadership. It speaks a language all grownups understand. It grips the heart, clears our thinking and jostles our sense of what is most worth while in life. We are made to realize anew that children have a right to strong bodies as well as sound minds, and that this is a debt we owe them all as a community and not only a debt parents owe to their own children. The film is a profoundly affecting lesson in love of country. Trained bodies along with trained minds are needed to make our country better and to defend it if need be.

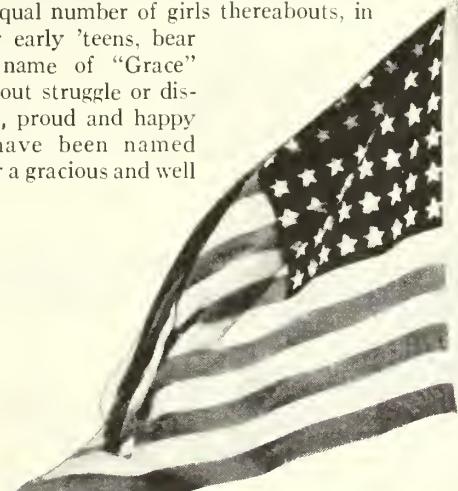
"Frank suggested that if our Legion Post would buy a copy of the film, so as to have it right here to show to local groups, we could get the recreation program under way quickly in our area. Several 'angels' in our Post chipped in and bought the film. Within a few months it had been shown eleven times to different groups in our city and sixteen times to communities all over southwestern South Dakota in a radius of a hundred miles, or more, from Rapid City. Many towns asked for a return showing to reach persons who missed it the first time."

Wheelhorse Nielsen himself has been and is the fellow that shows the film. He is pushing the cause all over his district and means to keep on doing so.

Department Commander Claude Hamilton this fall named Ed F. Gronert, a

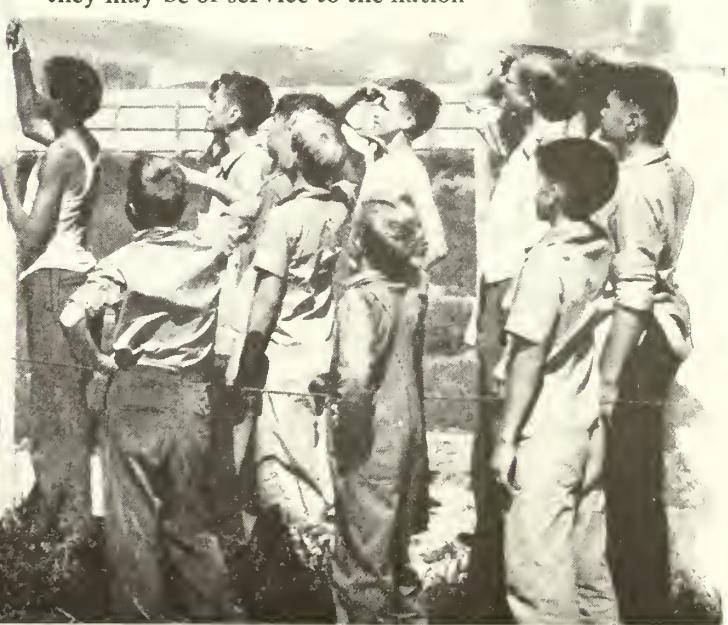
(Continued on page 50)

They're proud to be Americans, and they're keeping themselves fit so they may be of service to the nation

A large American flag is displayed prominently in the background, its stars and stripes clearly visible against a light sky.

By

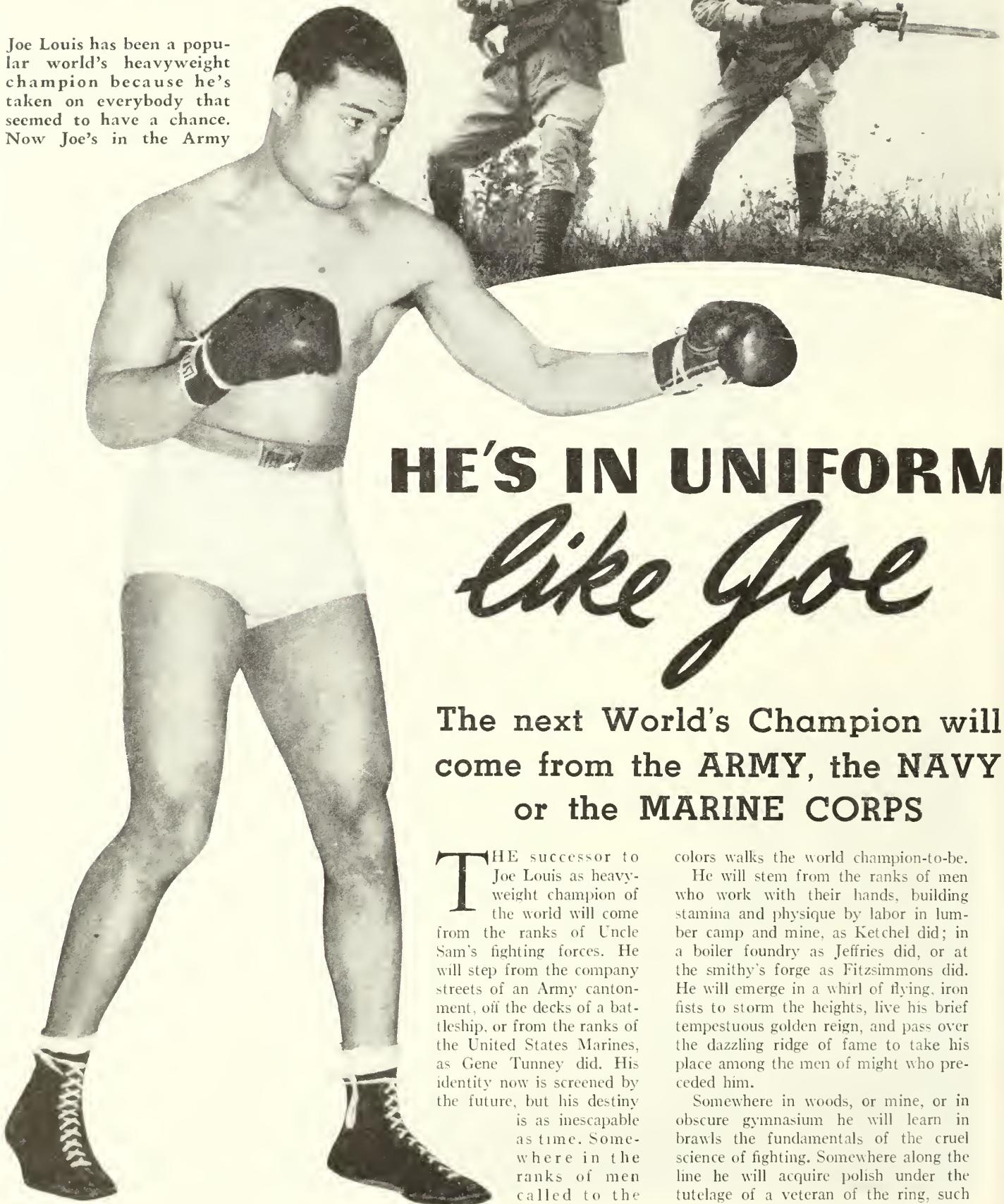
THOMAS J. MALONE



By

FRANK BUCK
O'NEILL

Joe Louis has been a popular world's heavyweight champion because he's taken on everybody that seemed to have a chance. Now Joe's in the Army



HE'S IN UNIFORM *like Joe*

The next World's Champion will come from the ARMY, the NAVY or the MARINE CORPS

THE successor to Joe Louis as heavyweight champion of the world will come from the ranks of Uncle Sam's fighting forces. He will step from the company streets of an Army cantonment, off the decks of a battleship, or from the ranks of the United States Marines, as Gene Tunney did. His identity now is screened by the future, but his destiny is as inescapable as time. Somewhere in the ranks of men called to the

colors walks the world champion-to-be.

He will stem from the ranks of men who work with their hands, building stamina and physique by labor in lumber camp and mine, as Ketchel did; in a boiler foundry as Jeffries did, or at the smithy's forge as Fitzsimmons did. He will emerge in a whirl of flying, iron fists to storm the heights, live his brief tempestuous golden reign, and pass over the dazzling ridge of fame to take his place among the men of might who preceded him.

Somewhere in woods, or mine, or in obscure gymnasium he will learn in brawls the fundamentals of the cruel science of fighting. Somewhere along the line he will acquire polish under the tutelage of a veteran of the ring, such

as Jack Blackburn, great himself, who made Joe Louis cock of the walk; or Dan Hickey, champion of Australia, who taught Bob Fitzsimmons how to fight, and made Paul Berlenbach light-heavyweight champion. He will meet a Jack Kearns, fighter of Western honky-tonks, who augmented the punching power and inherent ferocity of Jack Dempsey with a technique that made the Manassa Mauler invincible for seven years.

"We don't know who the man will be to defeat Joe Louis," said "Bow Tie" Jimmy Bronson, who directed boxing in the A. E. F. in France, "but we know where he will be found. He will be in uniform, somewhere in the Army, Navy or Marine Corps, and he will be discovered in some camp boxing tournament. Thousands of men will take part in these tournaments, hundreds will be good. One of them will become champion of the world. He will be champion within three years."

"I saw hundreds of boys box in France. Most of them had acquired some skill before they joined the colors. They developed their ability in camp tournaments, and in the Inter-Allied tournaments, in Pershing Stadium in Paris.

"Gene Tunney was the best, but boys like Bob Roper, who was almost a champion, Bob Martin, Goldie Ahearn and many others became outstanding figures



Gene Tunney, the Marine who retired undefeated as world's champion, as he squared off in the early twenties

Baer lacked real knowledge of the craft he plied, and the circumstances of his capitulation to Louis indicated that there were many places Baer preferred to the

ment, and more important, inflict punishment upon a rival, fade.

Against a slow-moving target, or against a man who moves straight toward him, Louis is invincible. Go down the line with the champion: His most sensational fights were against such hulks as Primo Carnera, the poor, benighted Italian who was one of the succession of titleholders following the retirement of Gene Tunney; Paolin Uzcidun, Max Baer and his brother Buddy, and James J. Braddock, from whom he won the title.

The champion is one of the most powerful punchers of all time, a real two-fisted fighter. His left hook is one of the most effective weapons in the armaments of fighters of all time. Louis learned how to follow his snaky jabs with that hook, and the combination is terrific. His right hand, that splintered one of Max Schmeling's vertebrae in their return match, that rocked Nova to sleep with one climactic smash, and strewed the floor of rings with the wrecks of Max Baer and the others, is as terrific as the famous right of John L. Sullivan or Jack Dempsey's "Iron Mike."

In the brief moments of the second



The kind of training that makes a ring champion. These fellows can really take it

whirl of fists and the turmoil of battle.

Nova too might model for statues of Grecian deities, but what a pitiful figure he presented in the ring with the champion!

Science and the correct method of fighting carried Billy Conn to the very threshold of triumph over Louis, but lack of punch proved fatal.

Time and its chemistry are silent allies of the man who eventually will defeat Louis. Inexorably, years slow coördination, which is the root of all power in competitive sports. Split-second timing, essential to avoid punish-

Schmeling fight, we saw in Louis a man half a stride removed from the jungle. Aroused for that battle as he never was before or since, Louis was ruthless and lethal in his tornadic fury. Maybe some man could have withstood his assault. His name does not readily occur at this time.

How can this paragon of might be defeated? To answer this we must draw upon experience to light the future. We must take the fights of the champion and analyze them, considering the strength of contenders, their weaknesses, and the known faults of Louis himself. (*Continued on page 32*)

in pugilistic circles. These men were the prototypes of the boys now rallying to the call to arms."

The defeat of Louis will be accomplished by the ring strategy plus punch and a fighting heart. Were physique the sole requisite to victory, Max Baer would have beaten Louis, for nowhere along the line of champions can we find a closer replica of the Apollo Belvedere than in the Livermore Larruper. None had greater punching power than Baer packed in his untutored swings. But

THE story of Len V. Legionnaire and the annual job he does for the membership reënrollment of "Everyman's" Post of The American Legion has its counterpart in each of the nearly 12,000 communities in which are located the present roster of Legion Posts.

Each October Len becomes a perambulating salesman of Legion membership wares. It is natural that he should visit the places in "Everytown" where the market for his membership sales is strongest and the prospects most plentiful.

The saga of Len V. Legionnaire's sales visits and conferences, covering in actuality a ten-day period of Legion membership endeavor, presents an epic which could be retold a thousand times over, and still not portray entirely the fine service of hundreds of thousands of loyal Legion enthusiasts, who throughout the years have been similarly cast in the role personalized by Len in this diary of his activities.

Now for Len, himself. His complete name is Leonard Voyageur Legionnaire, four star, more than twenty-year member of "Everyman's" Post in "Everytown," a city of 15,000 population, comprising a community whose business affairs revolve about practically an even division of interest between industry and agriculture.

"Everyman's" Post has an annual membership which fluctuates between 375 and 400. It is Len's pet job to see to it each October that some 20 to 25 individual members' dues are collected. He has always been one of the first to track down his list of renewals, and almost invariably, as well, comes up with four or five new members each year.

Usually one or two nights after his post membership chairman has given him his list of 25 renewal prospect names, Len makes it a point after dinner at home to start out on his dues-collection assignment. He usually picks those he considers the toughest renewal prospects as the recipients of his first calls.

From a few remarks which Fred Doughboy let fall during the first post meeting following the Milwaukee Convention, Len determined to start with a visit to Fred.

He drove the three miles out to Fred's 160-acre farm, mentally appraising, during the journey, the situation which confronted him. How Fred's brother "went West" up Montfaucon way during the Meuse-Argonne 23 years ago. How Fred now has two stalwart sons, 20 and 18 years old.

He knew that Fred possessed a deep-set and earnest feeling—in a sense an

ON BEING A

Are You an EX-SERVICE MAN?

THEN YOU BELONG IN THE



**In This Time of National Emergency when
Organization and Co-operation is Essential
in Our Civilian Defense Program, Your
Neighborhood Legion Post NEEDS YOU**

ECHO PARK POST No. 414

**Headquarters: 1604½ Sunset Blvd.
Phone MI 4583**

WM. GILSON Commander

J. E. WEXLER Adjutant

**Echo Park (California) Post calls
for a mobilization of manpower
for defense**

By **DONALD G. GLASCOFF**

**ASSISTANT NATIONAL ADJUTANT
THE AMERICAN LEGION**



LeRoy S. Mead Post, Closter, New Jersey, burns the mortgage on the old homestead. Insets show the home before and after the Post got it

actual loathing because of the United States' allowing history to repeat itself to the extent that the country might again become involved in war overseas.

Of course in this respect, Fred was no different from practically the entire membership of "Everyman's" Post. But Len could see that some of the misleading headlines describing the Milwaukee Convention resolutions had created more than a temporary uncertainty in Fred's mind about the necessity and propriety of the recent national convention's pronouncements.

He could understand how the impact of events overseas, together with the much-evidenced uncertainty as to the nation's proper course, in the minds of some of his fellow-citizens, just about had Fred at the point where he was far from sure that he could honestly subscribe to some of the national defense and foreign relations actions at Milwaukee.

Driving around to the back door of Fred's farmhouse, he met renewal prospect number one on his list just coming in from finishing the evening milking.

LEGIONNAIRE

"Just passing by, Fred, and thought that I'd pick up your 1942 dues so that we'll keep 'Everyman's' Post up to its usual 'Early Bird' reputation."

"I'm not so sure I want to keep on belongin'," Fred answered slowly.

"For twenty years you've been a good Legion member, Fred; it's up to you, of course, but I think I know what's sticking in your crop."

"Well, I just can't see my way clear—"

"About 99 percent of the folks on this earth can't either, these days, Fred. The other one percent have just stopped thinking about the future, or are too



Average-member Post homes: new \$22,000 building of Charles A. Conklin Post, Grand Haven, Mich. Top, Buena Park (Cal.) Post

ignorant to think and worry, I guess."

"But Len, why stick our head into a hornet's nest when the pests aren't botherin' us none. They can't get over here to hurt us. Nobody's more willing—yes, more anxious—than I am to defend this country. That goes without saying."

"Just about as long a speech as I've ever heard you make, Fred, and I'll admit it sounds pretty plausible." Pausin, Len turned and put his hand on Fred's shoulder. "But for me, I'm counting on the Legion's ability to hit the nail on the head. After all, for more than 20 years the Legion's been on the beam. Remember how we preached a stronger national defense and did our best to warn the country of the spreading dangers of these dictator philosophies? Who's done more than the Legion to resist what we called 'subversive activities'?"

The farmer turned his head away with a discouraging gesture. "This is so important, and if we're wrong just this

one time, it's just going to be too bad."

"As I see it, Fred, the wrongest thing which we can do is just doing nothing—just sitting back, hoping for the best. We should be glad the Legion stood on its own feet and spoke its piece at Milwaukee."

"Probably you're right there, Len. No punches were pulled. But I still can't see why we should meddle in other people's business any more than we'd want them in our—"

"That's just the trouble—why it's so dangerous—if we don't do some high-class meddling before it's too late, this country may not have a fair chance to survive against a world in arms; and we don't want it to be one of those touch-and-go propositions."

"How can we be sure, Len, that the world will arm against the U. S. A.? Let's defend this country when they come over here and start the fireworks. Appears as though we are trying to jump over too many fences into other folks' pastures, to suit me."

"A lot of people, Fred, don't seem to know this, but the Legion for four years has been on record for a program which says if fighting is necessary to defend our country, we want to be prepared to fight outside this nation so our homes will remain intact and our families secure. We didn't follow any particularly new trail, up at Milwaukee."

"Sounds like horse sense, but I still don't see—"

"A lot of us don't, and I don't entirely, but here's the way I summed it up to Martha at home the other night: Emotionally we Americans are all isolationists at heart, but if we are going to be realistic about world affairs and the safety of this country we'll just have to think ourselves into being interventionists!"

"But Len, don't you appreciate that about 80 percent of the American people don't want to go into this war?"

"And you're right there, Fred, and the percentage is probably even higher. But probably 80 percent of the Dutch, the Norwegians, the Belgians, the Greeks, or any other of those 16 nations thus far over-run by Hitler didn't want to go to war either. And—how did that help them? The other fellow made the decision for them when he marched in."

"I'm getting to see your way of thinking, Len. We can probably just be piling up serious trouble for many years ahead if we are ostriches with our heads in the sand. It's sure a mess. Maybe the Legion's right when it believes we'll be in less of a mess if we start defending this country wherever she may be threatened, and before it's too late."

Arising from the porch step, Fred called, "Oh, Freda, will you bring me out four dollars for my Legion dues?"

"Thanks, Fred. Your membership means a lot more to me than many others I've picked up for more than twenty years."

(Continued on page 52)

On Time



Surrounded—because a brigade on their flank wasn't on time

By JOHN R. TUNIS

LATE April, 1917. It seems like yesterday, just as twenty-five years from now this month will seem like yesterday to you men in uniform. My friend and I stood in a long, winding file in an empty building on 44th Street, New York City. We were two of several thousand waiting to apply for the First Officers Training Camps. Like yours, our first experience of army life was standing in line—it's always the same.

Regular Army officers walked up and down the endless files, trying to help in the selection of applicants. Occasionally they paused to ask questions. One officer came to my friend and took his name.

"Any experience?"

"Yes—National Guard, one year."

"What did you learn there?"

My friend hesitated. He stammered. After all, what did one learn from a year of weekly meetings in a National Guard Armory? A little close-order drill. How to do the manual of arms. How to roll a blanket. Not much else. He knew it. The officer knew it. He knew the officer knew it, too.

The officer wrote something in a little

notebook. Then he turned to me. "Any experience?"

"National Guard. One year."

"What did you learn?" The same query. And the same confusion. Fumbling for an answer, I suddenly remembered that once when late for Assembly I'd been given a tour of kitchen police. Yes, I'd learned one thing.

"I learned to be on time."

The officer said nothing. He took me by the arm into a side room where a doctor was listening to a man's heart. The officer asked me my age. Education? He wrote something on a slip of paper. Half an hour later I'd passed a physical examination and was to report at Plattsburg, New York, on the 7th of May.

Are there always men in your company or battery who are late? Just a few, three or four, perhaps. There usually are. Believe me, there weren't any in Vincent Meyer's battery at Plattsburg in May, June and July, 1917. V. Meyer, 1st. Lt., F.A., is probably a general by now, if he is alive and still in the service. Maybe he wasn't tops as a battery commander in that cold, wet spring at Plattsburg. But he had one virtue. He was on time, and he got us there on time. Every once in a while he would line us up and growl: "This may not be the best battery in camp; but by gosh it will be on time. When you hear the

call to Fall In, FALL IN." We fell in!

Sounds easy, but it isn't. How many men you know who are always late. Who rush up, breathless with apologies for not being on time. They show up for work a little late every morning. They never seem able to answer letters promptly. Sometimes they miss an important contract because the other man got there first. Or their company neglected to get the bids in when specified. How often some folks are given work because it is known that if they say a thing will be in the office on Monday at 9:30 in the morning, it will be there on Monday at 9:30 and not on Wednesday. No, punctuality is not a romantic virtue. But it makes up for lots of defects.

What's true of nations is true of individuals. Looking back over the past few years one is bound to admit that punctuality doesn't seem to be a democratic asset. Alas, it is Hitler who has "got there fustest with the mostest men." The success of the Germans in France was due largely to timing. To their precision in using their mechanized units in conjunction with the air force and infantry so that each came into battle at the moment of maximum effectiveness. The democracies have usually managed to miss the bus. Norway, Holland, Belgium, France, Greece, Crete,

(Continued on page 47)

UNITED AND VICTORIOUS

EDITORIAL

THE American people long ago made up their minds that the No. 1 job for this nation and for all the democratic nations in the world still surviving is to defeat Hitler "and all he stands for," as one of the resolutions of the 1941 Legion National Convention at Milwaukee put it. Having decided that more than a year ago, we Americans are girding ourselves so that an ever mounting flood of material will be available for the knockout.

To accomplish the job we must have national unity of purpose. Every element in the United States must subordinate personal interests. The game is in our hands; if we play our cards intelligently there can be no doubt about the outcome.

In its all-out effort the United States must solve the problem of strikes in defense industries. Jurisdictional strikes—those in which one labor union battles with another for the right to represent the workers—must be outlawed. Collective bargaining is guaranteed to American workers by the law of the land, and the machinery of government can and must decide disputes between labor groups. Work stoppages, whatever their origin, play into Hitler's hands. Let's outlaw them too.

THE American Legion has pledged its support to the Government of the United States in the development of its foreign policy. We mean it. Because we are confident that the President and the Congress have no other goal than that of preserving, protecting and defending the nation, we Americans leave the detail

of our Government's foreign policy to those responsible for it under the Constitution.

Meddling by outsiders in the policies to be carried out by our naval and military leaders can cause only disaster. We confidently leave to these men who have spent their lives preparing for this crisis the job of expending the resources which we through the Congress are making available.

Here is a historic parallel. In 1862 Horace Greeley, Editor of the New York *Tribune*, published in that newspaper an "open letter" violently attacking President Lincoln because he had not emancipated the slaves as a war measure. Here is what Mr. Lincoln replied:

"My paramount object is to save the Union, and not either to save or destroy slavery."

"If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could do it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would do it . . ."

"I shall do less whenever I shall believe what I am doing hurts the cause, and I shall do more whenever I believe doing more will help the cause."

"I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors, and I shall adopt new views so fast as they shall appear to be true views."

As of the fall of 1941: The safety and well-being of the United States would seem to require a policy of giving aid to Britain, China and Russia in their fight with the Axis powers. Let us do this as a united people, and we shall not fail.



My Country, 'tis of Thee



Jamestown, Virginia, where we started in 1607, honors the greatest John Smith ever born



Plymouth, Massachusetts, has this protective colonnade over the Rock that made history in 1620



A Bit of Christmas



ANOTHER Christmas is just around the corner, the traditional season of peace on earth and good will toward men. It is the season of the joyous family reunion, of good cheer, of remembrances from distant friends, of gifts, and a heavy Christmas dinner from which it takes days to recover.

There will be community observances, organized by Legion Posts working with other civic minded groups; the big Yule tree in the public square with gifts and

cheer for the youngsters; solemn services in the churches, and, among the more practical methods of carrying cheer and light into the darker spots, men and women will be making the



Fresno (California) Post holds Christmas services at the General Grant—"The Nation's Christmas Tree"

rounds with well filled baskets of food, clothing and toys for families to whom, otherwise, Christmas would be a sorry season. The spirit of peace and good will can not be quenched by the lowering clouds that hover over the horizon to the east and to the west.

Our nation has a Christmas tree—an age-old giant that had perhaps, reached



For God and Country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy, to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness. — PREAMBLE TO THE CONSTITUTION OF THE AMERICAN LEGION



a venerable age when Christ walked upon the earth. It is the General Grant tree, one of the greatest of the surviving sequoias, which stands in the new King's Canyon National Park, about seventy miles east of Fresno, California. For fifty years, before its inclusion in the enlarged park last year, the General Grant—also known as "The Nation's Christmas Tree"—stood as the monarch of a small reservation which bore the name of the great Civil War General and President. It is a venerable giant, one of the oldest living things on earth today. Its age is only conjectural, but it may be as much as twenty-five hundred or three thousand years old; it stands 266.6 feet in height and with a girth measurement of 40.3 feet.

Members of Fresno (California) Post, with their carollers, gather at the base of the General Grant tree each year on Christmas Day and there, high up in the Sierras in an atmosphere as Christmassy as that found in any spot in snow-blanketed New England, render a Christmas program. That is more than a bit of Christmas; it is a sort of national service.

Another Legion Christmas observance, and one that has brought cheer to an uncounted number of children, is the distribution of toys, candy, fruit and nuts at the seasonal period. Hundreds of Posts do this each year, but for the purpose of telling of a typical activity during the 1940 season, let's take Hawthorne (New Jersey) Post. The Christmas program, according to Adjutant William J. Dempsey, is an all-year work; toys are collected and are so repaired or refinished that, when handed out, they look brand new. In addition to the toys, 239 families were cared for with baskets of food, with special attention to the homes of twenty-five World War veterans.

"The distribution," continues Adjutant Dempsey, "included sleds, skis, skates, dolls, doll carriages, 187 new dresses of various materials—a total of 2,980 items. In addition to this, furniture, also repaired and refinished, for the homes of the needy was given by the Post."

This year there is a new group to remember—the youngsters in the training camps. While Christmas is a good time to begin the work, that, too, is a year-round program. Most Legion Posts



Mrs. Walter B. King, President of Walter B. Ellis Auxiliary, with some of the magazines collected



began this work when the first of the young men who comprise the new Army left their communities, but here are a couple of ideas that seem well worth passing on. One comes from a Legion Post, the other from an Auxiliary Unit, both equally interested in the comfort

and welfare of the lads who are now the nation's defenders.

During the summer Lamouree - Hackett Post of Saugerties, New York, arranged for a benefit game between the Saugerties Baseball Club and the New York Police Department Club. The public responded handsomely, perhaps as much because the Post was giving something the public wanted as from the fact that the proceeds were to be distributed to Saugerties boys then in service. At any rate, the attendance was so good that Lamouree - Hackett Post was able to send a check to each of the ninety-four men now serving in the military

and naval forces from its township. With the check went a morale-building letter.

"The response," says Post Adjutant G. I. Teetsell, "was extremely gratifying and, as many have mentioned in acknowledgments, has been to some degree an aid in raising the morale. May I quote a paragraph from one letter: 'Morale comes, as you folks realize, having been through one world conflict, more from without than from within. That is why the good work that The American Legion and other kindred organizations are doing is so essential to the welfare of the country as a whole, and that is why the morale of Uncle Sam's Army was boosted considerably today in the



Hawthorne (New Jersey) Post makes its Christmas work an all-year-round project; last year it gave 2,980 toys to make the season brighter for needy children

ninety-four organizations that received your letters."

It will be a long time until the baseball season comes again, but there are other sports and other fund-raising activities that can be employed. The Saugerties plan is one that can be adopted by every Post in the country, however large or small.

"While some of their neighbors bake cakes and knit socks for the soldiers," writes Miss Faith Brewer, "the members of Walter B. Ellis Unit, American Legion Auxiliary, of Burlington, North Carolina, gather up old and not so old magazines to send to the army camps. In August, 2,908 magazines were sent to camp; one shipment to Fort Jackson and three to Fort Bragg. But that was only the beginning—since the first shipment the number of magazines has gone up by leaps and bounds. The campaign attracted public attention when the larger North Carolina dailies carried the story, and other Auxiliary Units became



Publicity Chairman Oscar Nelson with the "Best Company" flag won by Lynn, Massachusetts, Naval Reservists

enthused with the idea and started to send magazines. It's just like a snowball. Long before Christmas every one of the sixty thousand soldiers at Fort Bragg should have a magazine apiece!

"Letters received from Chaplains express deep appreciation, and say that the publications are being placed in service club libraries, in the hospitals, and are being distributed to the men who do not have enough reading material to go around.

"We've collected magazines that I had never heard of," says Mrs. King, "but we do insist that all magazines sent to camp are of strictly masculine interest. None of those published for women, thank you. And this demand for magazines for men has given many a housewife a perfectly legitimate excuse to clear out the piles of old magazines



Ketchikan (Alaska) Post erected a billboard at a cost of \$150 to broadcast its appeal for unity and message of true Americanism

treasured by her husband in the attic or basement. The work will continue as a major project of Walter B. Ellis Unit during this year."

Company Banner

EST LYNN (Mass.) Post has been made custodian of the "Best Company" banner won for three weeks in succession by the Lynn Unit, 14th Division, U. S. Naval Reserves, while it was stationed at the Naval Training Station at Newport, Rhode Island. The splendid record of the Lynn reservists is a matter of pride to the Legionnaires and the banner will be conspicuously displayed in the Post's Coburn Street home until the return of the Lynn reservists from active duty, when it will be returned to them for display in their own armory.

Three Time Winner

WINNING the James M. Golding Americanism Trophy for the third time in succession, Flatlands Post of Brooklyn, New York, has established a record. It is a record of service, the printed part of which has been carefully kept in a big scrap book which reveals that during the last year the Post earned 13,000 lines of publicity in local magazines, Brooklyn and Manhattan daily papers and in Legion publications.

Flatlands is an American-minded Post, and the Americanism Chairman, Chester Harris, was supported in every program by not only the Post, but by all of its affiliated bodies. The Americanism projects carried on during the year were many and varied, including fashion shows, medal presentation to undergraduates in local schools, radio programs, presentation of flags to schools and civic bodies, arranging for speakers at schools and to appear on various



other community and school programs.

In the picture printed on this page, Chairman Harris is shown with the Post's prize-winning scrap books. Left, Miss Barbara Letts, Americanism Chairman of the Junior Auxiliary, and right,



Flatlands Post's Americanism Chairman, Chester Harris, with Junior leaders

Miss Mary Collins, Junior Drum and Bugle Corps drum majorette.

Hundred Percenters

AS the Step Keeper has pointed out on other occasions, it is getting harder and harder, as the years lengthen, for any Post to qualify as a member of the Past Commanders Hundred Percent Club. But here are three in a bunch, representative Posts in three of the largest Departments—New York, Illinois and Ohio—which have kept all of their Past Commanders alive and in the Legion harness. The number of individuals in each picture varies; some of them served more than one term, but it takes twenty-three Pasts to rate the club now.

At the top of the page we have a group picture of all of the Past Commanders of Peter Umathum Post of Woodstock, Illinois, including Ogle K. Howell, the present Commander. This Post was organized in the fall of 1919 with David R. Joslyn as Commander, who served also in 1920 and 1921. Since the reign of P. C. Joslyn the Commanders have had only a single term each. The Post owns its own home, says Past Commander George E. Sullivan, and devotes much of its effort to community service, and has a membership of 234.

Reading left to right in this group we have, seated, David R. Joslyn, Warren J. Fish, Thomas P. Bolger, Harold E. Reese, C. C. Miner, Dr. C. F. Baccus, William M. Carroll, George E. Sullivan, Lester Edinger, Fred Boehart, and Harold F. Gillis. Standing, same order, George E. Grant, Charles A. Kuppe, William R. Cairns, Raymond C. Johnson, Matt Hoesley, Louis Ohlrich, Raymond J. Heniken, Owen H. Corr, Albin J. Kuppe, Mike Soenksen, and Ogle J. Howell, now Post Commander.

Twenty-three years as a Legion Post, twenty-three Past Commanders, is the record of Courtney-Lawrence Post of Medina, Ohio; twenty-two of them still live in the Post area and the twenty-third, though living at a distance, holds himself in readiness to respond to the call of his Post. "It is our thought," says Past Commander D. D. Porter, "that but few Posts or organizations of a similar nature are able to offer future Commanders the promise and expectation of longevity, contentment and stability as appears to be our lot in this small community."

The Courtney-Lawrence Post Past Commanders are, seated, J. R. Moore, C. D. Rickard, R. E. Snedden, W. F. Fenton, E. E. Warren, S. M. Fenn, Roy Hoddinott, Roy Davenport, and R. E. House. Center row, Ralph Feuchter, Paul Bowman, J. B. Palmquist, Herbert Bradway, James Herrington, D. D. Porter, Vance Grimes, and Neal Roshon. Back row, Frank Feckley, O. R. Dague, R. B. Bennett, M. C. Geiger, Earl Arick, and



Peter Umathum Post of Woodstock, Illinois, rates a place in the Hundred Percent Club—all its Past Commanders are active in Legion work

Clayton Randall—all of them workers.

Metropolitan Post of New York City is an unusual outfit. Its membership is drawn from the home office employes of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, and it has not only kept all of its

540 years, or an average of twenty-seven years each. Metropolitan Post is noted for its welfare work; the Post records show that it has spent more than \$116,000 in cash in this work since its organization.



It's that salubrious Ohio climate, nothing else. Courtney-Lawrence Post of Medina has a hardy group of Past Commanders, all living and active

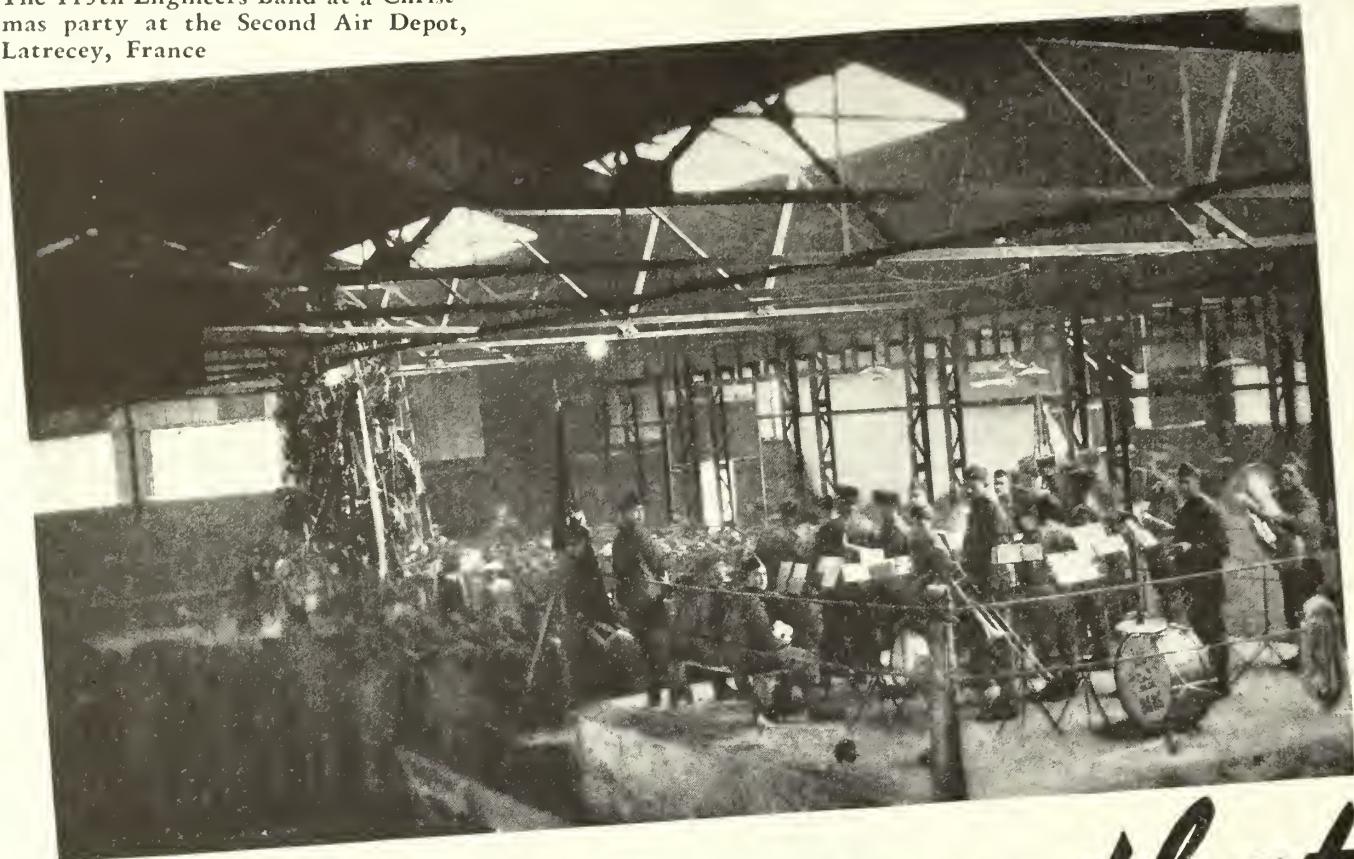
Past Commanders active in Post work, but its Past Commanders have kept themselves on the company payroll. Statistically-minded Bill McIntyre, who organized the Post back in September, 1919, has figured out that the twenty men who have commanded the Post and are all still actively connected with the company, have a cumulative service of

Metropolitan Past Commanders are, first row, left to right, Dr. A. O. Jimenez (two terms), A. Mackenzie, E. Toner, H. H. Miller, E. Rosholdt (two terms), H. Devere, and E. Butler. Center row, E. Quirk, C. Hayes, D. Philby, W. Schlegel, A. Birkens, P. Rogers, and E. Free. Top row, W. H. McIntyre, E. (Continued on page 38)



An unusual outfit is that of Metropolitan Post of New York City; its Past Commanders are not only living but all are on the same company payroll

The 113th Engineers Band at a Christmas party at the Second Air Depot, Latrecey, France



WHERE WERE YOU *that*

LOOKING back over the years, the one or two Christmases spent in uniform—except of course for the soldiers in the American Forces in Germany, who had a longer hitch—weren't so bad. For the boys still in training at the end of 1917, the big thrill was a furlough to celebrate Christmas at their own firesides. For those already across, there were special Christmas menus, entertainment and gifts, and parties for the French kids which made everyone happy. And on that same festive occasion in 1918 there was a real



reason to celebrate—the fighting had stopped and at long last the slogan "Out of the Trenches by Christmas," had been fulfilled.

The Then and Now Gang was on its toes in supplying this department with wartime Christmas pictures and stories—so let's take a look around at several widely-separated observances.

E. L. Sampson, Publicity Officer of the Eph Boggs Post, Williamson, West Virginia, contributed the picture of a band holding forth at a Christmas party, with decorated tree and all, and we extract this from his lengthy account of the occasion:

"I am enclosing a photograph taken on Christmas Day, 1918, in an airplane hangar at the Second Air Depot, Latrecey, France, which shows the Christmas tree, and with a part of my outfit, the 113th Engineers Band, in the 'ring.' About half of the band was on furlough at the time and this was one instance

in which I occupied the first chair in the cornet section.

"It was quite a joyous celebration and nearly everyone attending was given some sort of a gift through the work of the regimental chaplain, the Y. M. C. A., and officers of the regiment. The platform on which the band held forth had been erected for boxing bouts, which were held every week. Even for this special event, rubber boots were the order of the day, because Latrecey air depot was famous for its mud.

"Our 113th Engineers Band had quite an unusual history. When the two West Virginia National Guard Regiments reported at Camp Shelby, Mississippi, to become part of the 38th Division, I was a member of the 2d West Virginia Infantry Band—later the 130th Infantry. Then came shifts and reassignments and transfers and I found myself in the Engineer Regiment, which under tables of organization was not authorized to have a band. We were strays, but after a time by begging and borrowing instruments, we organized a band of seventeen pieces, under the directorship of Bower Murphy. After a few weeks, Frank G. Delatore, a one-time cornet player with Creators' Concert Band, came to us as director. Up to that time we were a volunteer band with no extra pay as musicians. Upon hearing that a bill in Congress authorizing bands for



engineer regiments had been pigeon-holed, members of the band and of various companies in the regiment wrote the Representatives and Senators of their respective States urging passage of the bill. Results were soon obtained as the bill was passed and on August 1, 1918, by order of the War Department, we became an authorized regimental band for the 113th Engineers. The bill also granted increase in the size of the band to fifty men, so in my belief, the 113th Engineers Band was the first authorized engineer band in the Army.

"Eventually we got overseas on September 29, 1918; were sent to the Advanced Sector, and soon were known jokingly as the 'Fatigue Band,' having to unload boxcars and, due to lack of locomotives, act as shifters for freight cars in the yard at Latrecy. We became expert railroad and construction men, but in the evenings, we also kept up our concert work. After the Armistice came a new phase and we again became strictly a concert band, playing at Y's, base hospitals, and making trips ranging from one-night stands to stops

Albert T. Smith; Musicians 3d Class Jacob C. Hinderer, Clarence E. Knight, Joe Linehart, John F. Lovett, Alfred A. Lozo, William T. Morris, John E. Nace, George Mode, R. Paul Richter, L. Dorsey Ridling, Walter P. Tyrholm and Autus Wagster.

"It would be great to have the old band assemble again for a concert, but that being impossible, I would like to hear from my former fellow musicians and learn what they are now doing. I wonder how many followed a musical career."

AND now for a Christmas dinner back home—at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas—in 1917, with a specially-printed menu for the boys who failed to get Christmas leaves or furloughs. It is recalled by a reproduction of the cover of the menu—the menu having been sent to us by ex-Private 1st Class Clifford H. Burgess, Company C, 6th Field Signal Battalion, now Legionnaire Burgess of Alton, Kansas, with this account:

"I am sending a menu of old Com-

Christmas, 1917



Company "C"
Sixth Field Battalion
Signal Corps
United States Army

Fort Leavenworth,
Kansas

A holiday menu for the Signal-men at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas

December 25th?



pany C, 6th Field Signal Battalion, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, Christmas, 1917, which will bring memories to some of my former buddies.

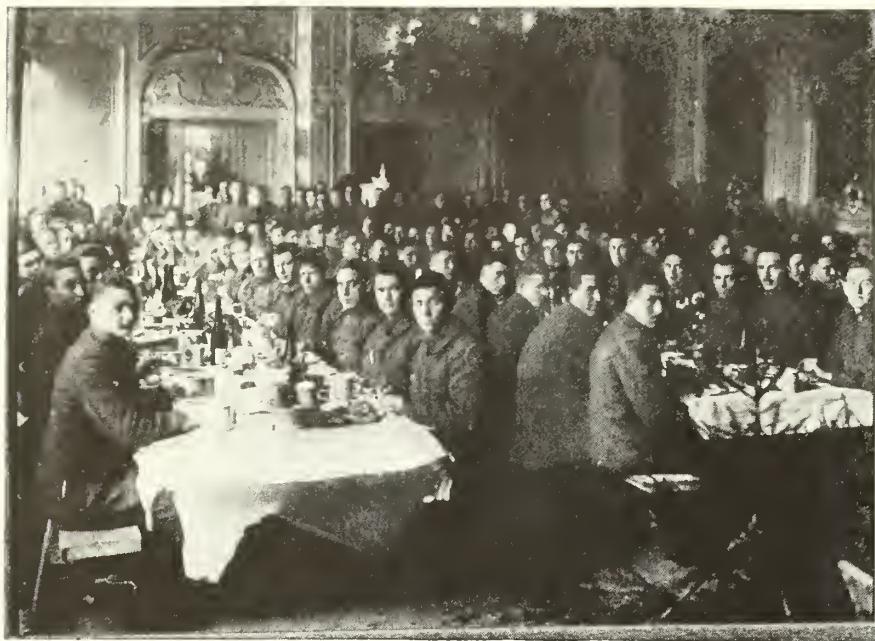
"That Christmas dinner for the men who had failed to get home for the holiday went over with a bang. There was only a handful of us there for the occasion and we needed lots of cheer which, although not listed in the menu, we did have on the side. Sergeant 'Mess' Mc-

Kinzie was in charge of the dinner and I believe that Cooks Mott and Gurllock prepared the meal, with myself as one of the K. P.'s.

"I recall that 1st Sergeant Eugene C. Vickers, Mess Sergeant McKinzie and I ate at the same table and when dinner was finished, Vickers remarked to McKinzie that he didn't think they needed Private Burgess any more for the day. McKinzie agreed with him, and Vickers and I left for Kansas City, Missouri, and tried to drown our sorrows because we weren't at home with the folks. Most



Artilleryman J. V. Charvat and a buddy (who is he?) enjoyed a home Christmas dinner in a French farmhouse near St. Leonard, 1918



Headquarters Company, 150th Field Artillery, put on the Ritz for its 1918 Christmas dinner in Bad Neuenahr, Germany

of the gang had gone home to their folks for four or five days and those of us who were left behind were lonesome—so it was a happy reunion when all had returned.

"Many of our enlisted men had worked for various railroads as telegraphers and agents, as many of them still do, and of course we had our arguments as to which was the best railroad, and so on.

"We eventually became a part of the 6th Division—the famous 'Sightseeing Sixth'—and after wandering about the A. E. F. from late July, 1918, to June, 1919, we sailed from Brest, France, on the *Mt. Vernon*, arriving in New York on June 10th.

"It was a fine bunch of fellows and



I'd be mighty happy to hear from any of the old gang."

JUMPING back across the Atlantic to the A. E. F., we find two doughboys who had the pleasure of having their Christmas dinner in 1918 *en famille*—though not in their own homes or with their own families. The celebration, according to our contributor, J. Vaclav Charvat, Adjutant of H. S. S. K. Post of the Legion in Milligan, Nebraska,

was simple but at least it was in a home atmosphere. He permits us to see (on the preceding page) a picture of the occasion, and submits this report:

"With Christmas approaching, I started digging into my war mementoes and discovered the enclosed picture of a buddy of mine and me enjoying Christmas, 1918, in France. I was with Battery D, 72d Regiment, C. A. C., 1st Army, while the other man was with Battery E of the same regiment—and even though we had that Christmas dinner together, I'm ashamed to admit that I cannot remember his name. I know he was from Chicago and I hope he sees this picture and writes to me.

"The picture was taken in the farmhouse of François Rampignon in the woody and hilly country in southern France about 15 kilometers from St. Leonard, Department of Haute-Vienne. He had invited my buddy and me to have Christmas dinner with his family.



We enjoyed the simple dinner of the average poor farmer, which consisted of genuine big round loaf of rye bread (it looks like a ham in the picture), eggs, salt hill-billy pork, French fried potatoes and plenty of vin rouge.

"This dinner was prepared in the room that served as kitchen and dining-room, as well as living-room. The meal was cooked in the fireplace which was equipped with a tripod iron kettle and

(Continued on page 54)



Legionnaire Ben Getzoff, sixth from left, standing, presents the football team of the Fourth Division, in Germany, 1919. Captain (now Congressman) Ham Fish of New York is second from left in the front row

And So You're An Officer

(Continued from page 5)

yourself. You never ask them to do anything you personally would not do. You defend them fiercely with all outsiders, reserving your hell for your private office. You take a sympathetic interest in their troubles, and show them you're ready to back them to the limit. Most of all, you respect them as individuals, and you find that they in turn give loyalty.

The second week brings reclassification. Here the men become part-time specialists in work they like to do. You round up all the cooks you can find, to the delight of the mess sergeant. You call for mechanics, and put them to work in your repair units. You add three landscape gardeners to the detail in your battery area. You appoint a CPA as battery clerk, and your bookkeeping worries are over. You train a medical student to give lectures in first aid. You post a metropolitan fireman as your building inspector, to check all wiring and to remove all hazards. Painters, bakers, gunsmiths, printers, are all given opportunities to keep their hands in at their civilian trades. Like Letto, these men learn to soldier as well. It's only when they can be spared from their schooling that you permit them to take up their specialties.

The basic topics are learned rapidly. Your non-coms smooth into a well-oiled, efficient machine. You set up competitions for the best gun crew, the best marching platoon, the 20 best riflemen. When you feel they're ready to go, you pit them against outside batteries. The scramble is terrific. Your final selections are like picking an All American football team. It's an immense gratification when two of your sections smash their way to regimental honors.

Then you swing into night marches and occupations, a welcome break in the camp routine. Twice you move out at daybreak, thread a path through miles of scrub pine, and set up bivouac on the near side of a hill. You camouflage your tents and your trucks. You post machine guns in likely avenues of attack. Like all field problems, you simulate war conditions as closely as possible.

Most of the day is spent in field demonstrations. You bog two trucks in a handy mud hole, and pull them out with a mechanical "dead man." You ford a deep stream in a Command Car, nursing it through with block and tackle, anchor stakes, and manpower. You give practical illustrations of camp sanitation.

After dark, when the work is through, you gather around a giant bonfire to relax. There is impromptu entertainment. A ranking radio artist sings. A comic burlesques gun drill. A quartet starts "I've Been Workin' on the Rail-

road," and soon the woods resound with massed voices. The cooks break out with ice cream and cookies. As the embers die, the music grows sentimental. The men are happy as they crawl into their pup tents. For the boys from Maine, it's a touch of home. For most of the others, it's their first communion with the world as God made it.

There's lots of night work. You start the battery rolling in blackout convoy, blunder through the woods to your Observation Post, and run the guns into position without lights. The cannoneers, old hands by now, work with speed and precision. You "fire out" two targets in a minimum of time. As you move to the third, the Klaxon horn bleats ER-ER-ER-ER. All hands dig frantically for gas masks. An oily cloud of smoke and tear gas drifts over the emplacements. It's 20 minutes before you can sound "All Clear," button up the guns, and move on to occupy the next position.

No matter how much they scramble the training schedules, the close quarters and hard and fast routine often become monotonous, and it's your job to see that neither you nor your troops go stale.

One day you learn that your Italian boys are hankering for an old-fashioned spaghetti dinner. You call them in, buy what they ask for, give your regular cooks the afternoon off, and let 10 of them run wild in your kitchen. The results are magnificent. They turn out the finest meal the outfit has ever had. The battery loves it. They clean up 70 pounds of spaghetti and 80 pounds of

boys for neatness. You know that their cowlicks are down, their faces are shining, their uniforms are spotless.

Introductions are performed by the chaperons, and the 16-piece selectee orchestra swings into "Stardust." The barriers of timidity quickly dissolve. The floor is crowded. You loaf by the refreshment table, nibbling the sandwiches, fascinated by the variety of dancing styles. You leave both the men and the girls severely alone. This is their party.

At 11 sharp the trumpets play "Taps." The young ladies, still chattering, are escorted to the buses, and are whisked away. You're sorry it's over so soon.

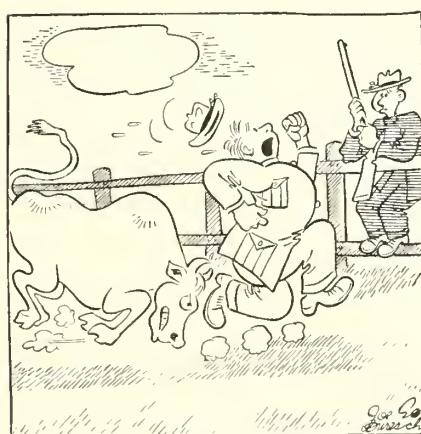
Then there are the picnics. A certain portion of the battery fund is put aside for extras. You stop work early and convoy the men to a hillside by a lake. After swimming, games and a chicken dinner, you gather around the campfire. The songs the men sing are rollicking and loud, the impromptu speeches long, and the entertainment spontaneous—but everyone seems to have a good time.

You are intrigued by the diversity of interests of the men. Some like to swim on week-ends, so you see that trucks are shuttled back and forth to the lake. Some are interested in amateur theatricals, so you call in the Chaplain, who's happy to help them. For the camera bugs (there are many!) you build and equip a neat little dark room. Boxers, writers, wrestlers, musicians, fishermen—all are encouraged to pursue their hobbies.

Before you know it the cycle has swung into its closing period. You concentrate on the rifle, pointing out to each man that his life may depend on his ability to use it. Range practice with bobbing targets is frequent. On alternate weeks you fire shrapnel and shell with 75's, new gun crews riding the cannon after each two targets are demolished. You send one group to Machine Gun School. You pick another for Automatic Rifle School; they practice on hundreds of helium-filled balloons. You appoint 20 acting sergeants and ten acting corporals. You lecture on chemical warfare, on sex hygiene, on a dozen military topics.

The days are crammed with incidents. There's the time a soldier asks you if the Chaplain would be willing to tie the knot for him. You assure him that he would. He looks up, considers a moment, and says, very earnestly, "I wonder if I could pay him in Post Exchange Coupons?" You laugh and inform him that there will be no charge for the ceremony.

There's the time a private hoodwinks a pie from the hard-boiled Mess Sergeant, telling him it's for the Colonel's table. You find it difficult to punish him when he's caught. There's the time



"If you ever hit a bull's-eye,
now's the time to do it!"

meat balls without pausing for breath.

The Battalion gives dances in the Recreation Hall at regular intervals. Scores of young ladies are recruited in nearby towns, and at eight o'clock, two or three busloads of femininity roll into the area. You don't have to inspect your

you're Officer of the Day, and you ask a sentry to interpret for you the General Order "To salute all . . . Colors." He says, quick as a flash, "Sir, that means . . . to salute all men, regardless of race!"

But boners do not stop with the grade of private. One night you're defending the bivouac against "tank" operations, five trucks being the "tanks." You sneak through your outposts, spot a vehicle hidden in the woods, and get down on your belly for the stalk. When you're within 25 yards, you jump to your feet, throw your cornmeal "bomb" with all your might, and say to the driver, "You're dead!" He does not see that you are an officer. He is very bored. He says, "Listen, bud, this is an E Battery truck. We ain't even in the scrap!" You mutter "Sorry!" and slink away, hoping

that both your face and your rank are well concealed.

Then there's the time you don't read your orders carefully, and you set up rifle targets on a range belonging to a different outfit. Before the matter is straightened out, you've wasted two hours of training time for 500 men. Then there's the morning an order comes down to look for some missing cheese. You go to the kitchen and have the KP's empty the refrigerators. Just as the last dish is on its way out, in walks the Colonel, and you're highly embarrassed to learn that the item for which you are searching is *keys*. The percentage is that you'll make many errors before you're through. You'll learn that your superiors are both reasonable and sympathetic the first time a thing happens. Should it occur more

than once, however, you'll find yourself in a peck of trouble. There's no place in the Army for the second offender.

Then finally it comes. You roll them out and march them to the railhead. The band is playing. The men step out in perfect cadence. Their heads are up. Their chests are out. Their lean bodies flow in flawless rhythm. Grins flash on tanned faces. They line up on the platform. You say your good-byes softly, sincerely. They're your friends. You'll miss them more than you care to think about.

As the train pulls out, you glow with sudden fierce pride. You think, "How fine it is to be in *their* country!" You think, "It's going to be a whale of an Army to whip!" You salute for the last time, turn on your heel, and start the long walk back.

He's in Uniform, Like Joe

(Continued from page 19)

In his hours of greatest might, Louis has been a vulnerable fighter. He was knocked out by Schmeling, and that he subsequently roared back to avenge that defeat with his greatest demonstration of fury and ring effectiveness does not alter the record. He was on the floor with James J. Braddock, Buddy Baer, and Tony Galento. He reeled on the verge of defeat by Billy Conn, but in all of those fights, Joe called upon deep sources of recuperative power, rallied and won. It cannot always be this way, for Louis, being human, is susceptible to the workings of time.

On the record, it will be no ponderous giant who will end the reign of Louis. That the champion-to-be must possess physique and power is fundamental. He will have to be of the James J. Corbett type, master of the art of hit, stop and get away. He will have to fight the same type of fight against Louis that Corbett fought against the once mighty John L. Sullivan.

Louis has been most troubled by slipping, sliding opponents who were fast enough to make him miss. Jack Dempsey suffered his greatest embarrassments against fighters of this same type. Tom Gibbons revealed the flaw in Dempsey's ring equipment in 15 rounds at Shelby, Montana. Gene Tunney won the title from Dempsey by making him miss, and countering.

TOMMY FARR first proved to the world that a fighter unafraid of Louis, possessed of enough boxing skill to make Louis miss and trap him into awkward situations, could hold his own. Farr ducked, weaved and side stepped for 15 rounds, making Louis miss. A dozen times Farr countered with his right hand, but the punch lacked power, and

succeeded in doing little more than rousing Louis to fury.

Conn, a better boxer than Farr, was even more spectacular and effective. The Pittsburgh Adonis shuffled and side stepped, landing his left hand with an ease that drew roars of applause from the crowd. The miracle of Conn's fight against Louis was the ease with which he outfought the champion in the clinches. He did what many old timers contended was impossible, battering Joe about the midriff and compelling him to break ground.

Conn worked on a triangle. He moved to his own left, then backward, to the right, backward and then forward, ever shifting, always changing the range and never giving Louis a chance to set himself for a punch. His speed was bewildering to Louis, who had not fought such an opponent before.

In working to his own left, Conn violated one of the fundamentals of defensive boxing, for he moved directly into line of Louis's right hand. But gifted with rare speed, when Louis started a right hand wallop, Conn immediately broke, went to his own right and out of line of the oncoming punch. Conn used a high left shoulder defense against the Louis right, and shifting to the other side, his raised right hand caught the champion's left hooks.

It was this same triangle pattern of boxing that Tommy Loughran, also a former light-heavyweight champion, used against Dempsey in a training bout, and made the Manassa Mauler look like a tyro. It was Loughran's rough treatment of Dempsey that made many bet on Gene Tunney at Philadelphia.

Sideways, to the right, back to the left, back and then forward to close quarters was the general plan of Conn's fight against Louis.

It almost won him the title, yet it was the forward phase of that campaign that led to Conn's defeat. In the eleventh round Conn peppered Louis with left jabs and slashed him with right swings.

"You've got to fight now, Joe; I'm winning your title," he taunted the champion.

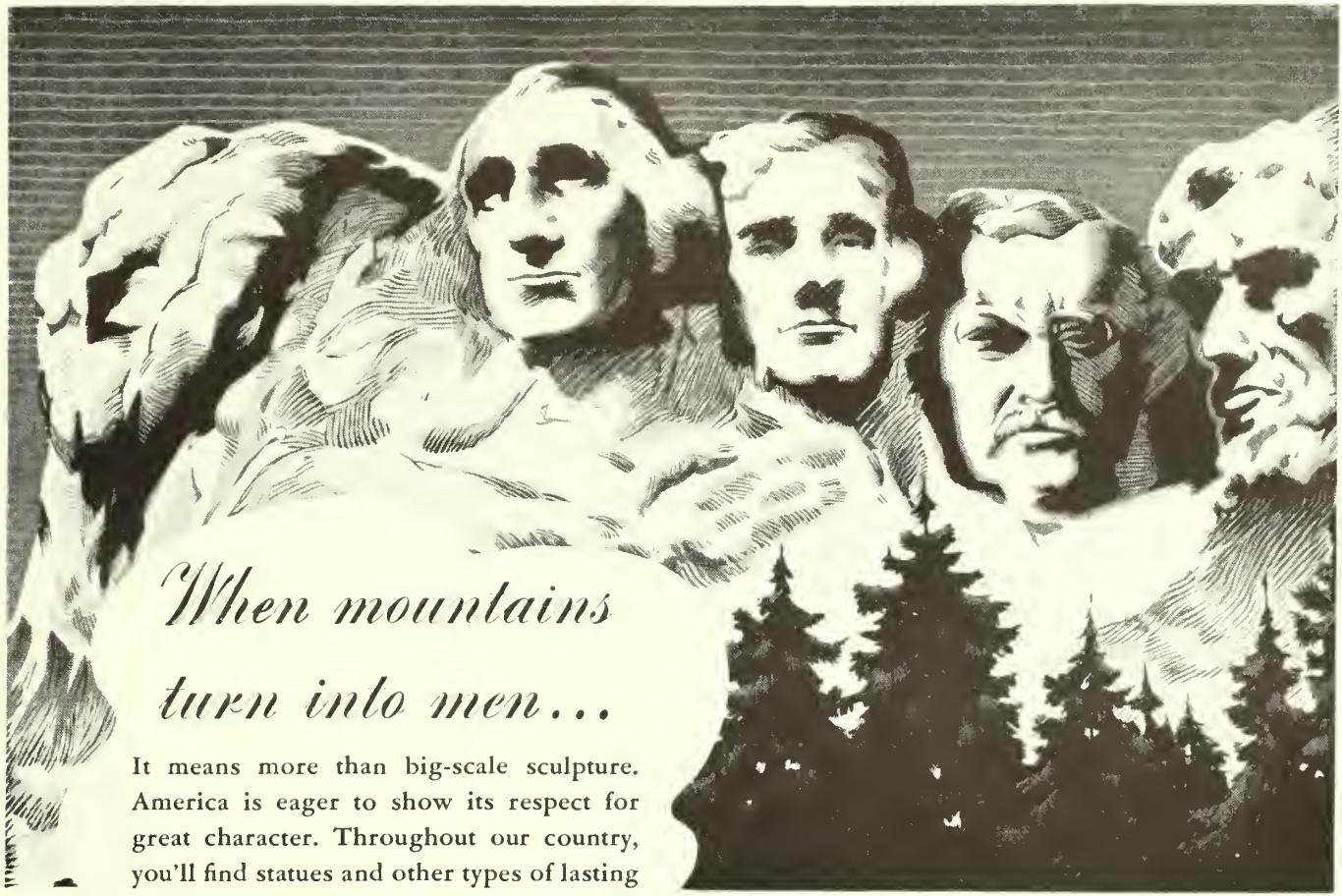
"Thass right, Billy," grunted Louis.

Conn leaped forward to fight in close, and as he moved Louis sunk home a driving right hand punch. Conn recoiled and half gasped, but with high courage returned to the battle. Conn even carried the twelfth round and had Louis reeling, but that right hand body punch took its toll.

In defeat Conn did not fight in vain. He shattered the myth of Louis's invincibility. He showed how the champion can be defeated and from that example, some youngster, equally fast, equally courageous, but equipped with more explosive punching power than Conn, may profit.

Whether Louis follows the traditions of the ring and answers the gong once too often, as all of his predecessors except Tunney did, or whether he retires and leaves the title open, he will go down in ring history as one of the greatest champions of all time.

Having won the title from James J. Braddock, Louis has defended it 19 times as this piece is committed to paper. He fought everyone there was to fight, and only once did he ask for a brief respite from ring activity. That was before the fight with Nova, for whom Louis developed a supreme dislike, and acted accordingly in the ring. Jack Dempsey, among others, condemned Louis for fighting so often, charging that he "cheapened" the heavyweight title. Yet it was on the fact that



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turn into men...*

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ANHEUSER-BUSCH
ST. LOUIS

they fought all comers that such men as John L. Sullivan and James J. Jeffries built their reputations.

Louis once expressed wonderment that criticism should be leveled at him for doing the things that those exalted old timers did.

Since that night in Chicago when Louis defeated Braddock, a hunt for a man to beat him has been on. Yet at no time has any of the hysteria of the "white hope" era following the defeat of James J. Jeffries by Jack Johnson been manifested. This is as it should be. Never by word or deed has Louis brought discredit to boxing, himself or his race.

In the ring he is all that a champion should be. When he hit Schmeling in their second fight, the Teuton's face froze with pain and horror of his impending fate. The scream of anguish that burst from Schmeling's lips still haunts those who heard it.

Only in one fight other than his return match with Schmeling, did Louis evidence a dislike for an opponent. Lou Nova, one of the ring's greatest braggarts, if not one of its greatest fighters, boasted of how he would beat Louis with a cosmic punch. Louis didn't know that a cosmic punch was one thrown from west to east, with the spin of the earth revolving on its axis around the sun. Louis didn't know that theoretically Nova would be punching "downhill," and the force of the blow plus the whirl of the earth, would be irresistible.

What Louis did know, and what he said, was that Nova was "too fresh," and that he'd better be careful or he'd be hit by a "comic" punch and knocked out. And that happened, for Louis, back to the west, pinned Nova on the east side of the ring and stiffened him.

Outside of the ropes Louis is a modest and retiring man who is thankful for all he has accomplished in life. His

ring earnings have been invested in a farm outside of Detroit, which is one of the show places of the countryside. On his 400 acres of undulating land, watered by a slow moving river, he has his home and his show horses. These are his pride and his delight. There he spends much of his time, holding horse shows which are patronized by nearby Detroit. There, when his reign in the ring is over, he will settle down to the life of a landed squire.

This phase of Louis's life is America at its best and brightest. Nowhere else but in America could such a miracle be worked. Louis, born in a shack in Alabama, labored as a child in the cotton fields. Leaving his native Southland for the North, he toiled on the assembly line of a Detroit automobile plant. Thus he built his stamina and physique to fulfill his destiny in the ring. He learned how to box, and won a Golden Gloves Tournament. The rest is ring history.

Poker? You Bet

(Continued from page 15)

nobody said a word. Then they sort of looked at each other and nodded. And every single one of them picked up his money, got up, and walked over to another table. The whole game just walked off and left me without saying a word!"

Billy's all right now, but he'd have been a lot better off if he hadn't been told a lot of wild tales about poker players. When you get a bunch of young fellows together, it doesn't do them any harm to play poker for the small amount of money they have; and there isn't one cheat in a million.

At that, however, it's hard to blame poor Billy, for some of the tales that are told about four kings or four aces are very wild indeed. Perhaps my young friend thought about the young Easterner who got into a tough stud game out West in the days when western etiquette prescribed only one gun on formal occasions.

Everything went along all right for a while, although one hard-boiled old rancher swore a blue streak and threatened to kill the next so-and-so who beat him out of a pot. Even that passed off smoothly enough; but the young tenderfoot noticed that all the other players, tough though they looked, hastened to soothe the rancher. Evidently he was the local terror.

But whatever misgivings the young man had, disappeared when he got the stud player's dream. Aces back-to-back, with a raise from a player who had only a king up! On the next turn he got another ace, showing a pair of aces; and the other player got a king, showing a pair of kings. To make a long story

short, he finally got four aces and his opponent got four kings!

Naturally he bet his whole pile, and only when his opponent called did he realize that he was playing against the hard-boiled rancher! "I've got four kings," snarled that worthy, turning up his hole king, "and if you've got four aces, this blankety-blank game's crooked and I'm going to plug you full of holes." Whereupon he took out his gun and slammed it down on the table.

Our hero moistened his lips, swallowed, and decided that discretion was the better part of valor. "Four kings beats my full house," he lied, as he folded his hand and threw it among the discards.

Then, raising a warning finger, "But don't think that kind of talk gets you anywhere!"

Another legendary victim fared a little better. He was dealt four aces in draw poker; and he was certain the game was crooked! What was he to do?

He was positive the player behind him had a four-card straight flush which would be filled whether he drew one card to his four aces or stood pat with them. Suppose he drew two cards throwing away one of the aces!

No, he reflected. These crooks were much too smart to have overlooked that. They probably had it fixed up so that he'd lose even if he drew three cards!

And the poor fellow was right, for the sharp behind him had a queen-jack-ten-nine of spades. The top card of the deck was the king of spades, the next was the eight of spades, and the next was another king. So the crook was bound to fill either a straight flush against four

aces or a straight against three aces!

There was so much money in the pot that our hero hated to give up without a struggle—so he threw away his whole hand and drew five cards! The crooks hadn't thought of that one, for the five cards were the eight of spades and four kings! And, just as in the last tale, four kings won a pot that rightfully belonged to four aces!

But these are just the legends of poker. Any time I get four kings—or even four deuces—I'm going to bet my shirt on them. It won't bother me if I'm playing with strangers, because every experienced card player knows there's about a thousand times as much talk about cheats as there is actual cheating.

As a matter of fact, it was because a young poker player was wrongly suspected of cheating that some very remarkable things happened during the Civil War. Now, this isn't one of those wild tales about poker players that I just complained about. It was told me by an old sergeant whose reputation for veracity was unequaled in that select company of truth-tellers.

The young fellow who started it all was a rookie who went from Tennessee in 1861 to fight in Lee's infantry. He couldn't add two and two, but he used to win all the money in the poker game that his company held every Saturday night. Naturally that annoyed everybody else, and some of them even got suspicious about a fellow that couldn't sign his own name but could corner all the money in any poker game that he played in.

They tried everything they could think of to catch him cheating, but the more

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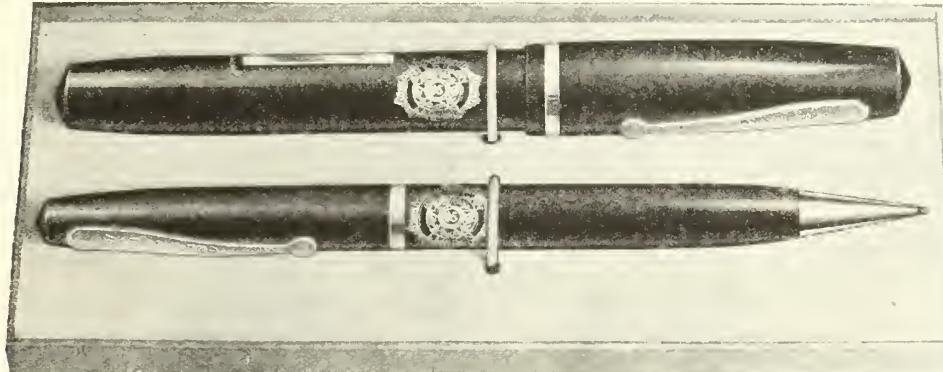
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they tried the less they found out—and the more they lost to him. Finally it began to dawn on them that they really had in their company one of the finest poker players in the world—perhaps the finest of all.

But it didn't do them much good to arrive at this conclusion. Finding it out had cost them about a ton of the best Confederate currency, most of which was still on the cuff. They had to find some way to pay off, and after a while they hit upon a scheme.

They simply organized a poker game in every company of the regiment. Each company was to pick its champion, and all of these were to play in a regimental championship. The idea was to back their man in the*regimental game and thus win enough to pay what they owed him.

Everything went off as scheduled, and then they had another bright idea. Why stop there—why not get up a divisional championship? And so it went, until one fine day their man was champion of all the Southern armies.

In the meantime, an enterprising spy had seen what was going on. It looked pretty blame good to him, so he put the system into operation in the Northern armies.

We'll you can guess what happened. After a while there was a Yank champ and a Johnny Reb champ—with no new worlds to conquer unless they played against each other. Each side was fanatically devoted to its own champion; and to most of the soldiers the war wasn't a matter of States' Rights or anything else as hisalutin' as that—it was simply a matter of licking the day-lights out of those stubborn fools who thought *their* man could play poker in the same league as the *real* champ.

That state of affairs couldn't go on forever, and eventually tension got so high that negotiations were opened between the two armies and generals on both sides. And after much wrangling it was decided to stage the long-awaited poker match and to let the outcome settle the whole darned war!

"But that's incredible!" I objected, when the story was told to me.

"When you've played poker as long as I have," the sergeant reassured me, "you'll believe fancier stories than this one. If I wasn't a truthful man, I c'd tell you tales that'd curl your hair right up in knots. And you'd believe 'em too. Now, d'you want me to go on—or are you gonna call a man a liar that was there and seen it all?"

Naturally, I told him that if he had seen it himself, that settled it. I had just wondered whether somebody else had told him the story. After all, there *were* people who sometimes exaggerated a trifle, just to make a story sound a little better—but of course he wasn't one of them. That soothed the old man, and he went on with the story.

The match was set for late June, 1863; and since the North had won the toss, it was to be played on Northern grounds. So the Southern champ got on a horse and rode up into Pennsylvania; and such was the excitement and the feverish flurry of betting that the entire army, General Lee and all, came up to cheer him on. The Northerners were equally het up, and there were probably as many Yanks as Rebs on the scene, generals included.

Generals aren't human beings, the sergeant assured me earnestly. Two armies were waiting for the game to start—and they had to waste time with speeches and toasts, and figuring out how many guns the poker champs rated as a salute! But finally the match started.

It was five-card stud, head-on. Each man started with ten thousand chips, and the game was table stakes, so one slip might mean the whole works. But for six hours of that fateful June 30th, the two masters worked like mad without getting anywhere. By midnight they were right back where they started!

The trouble was that too much was at stake. Neither man wanted to risk the whole war on a single hand unless he had a sure thing. And as soon as either felt sure enough to tap the other fellow for his whole pile, his opponent would realize he was beaten and refuse to call. So there were a lot of checks, small bets, hesitant calls . . . and no real action.

It got so bad that General Lee and General Meade considered calling the whole thing off. And while they were discussing that, the excitement began. Both men were betting feverishly, raising each other in larger and larger amounts.

The two generals got to the table in time to see the Southern champion shove all of his chips into the middle of the

table. Without a second's hesitation the Yank called with all of his chips. The whole war hung in the balance!

Like most good poker players, the two champs were born showmen, and they paused for a few seconds before they turned up the hole cards. It wasn't often that they played for stakes like these, and they meant to savor the excitement to the last drop.

Lee looked hurriedly at the up cards of both hands. His man had jack-nine-eight-seven showing. He'd better have a ten in the hole, or there'd be a court-martial in the morning, peace or no peace! He relaxed when he saw the Yank's hand—just ace-nine-seven-two of diamonds. The best he could have was a pair of aces! What suckers these Yanks were!

And while Lee was congratulating himself in this vein, the Yank supporters looked equally jubilant. They were quite sure their man had a diamond in the hole, while the best the Johnny Reb could have was a straight. The flush was a cinch to win—and they'd collect their bets and go home in peace.

The modern poker player probably doesn't realize what the trouble was—why each side was so sure it had won. But old-timers remember that the flush was not always considered a legal hand—that's the way with the Tiger and the Blaze today. There were no official rule books, and local custom was all-powerful in settling disputes.

But now two local customs were about to conflict. The flush was played all over the North, but was virtually unknown in the South. No wonder the two champions had piled all their chips in the middle of the table; according to his own lights, each was betting on a sure thing!

When the two hole cards were turned up there was a deafening cheer from



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both sides. And even while exulting in victory, each side glowed with pride at the sportsmanship of the opponents. Listen to them cheer—even though they had just lost the war! . . . After a minute or so, each side began to realize that something was wrong. The best losers in the world couldn't cheer like that . . . And after another minute or two the argument began.

My sergeant friend didn't remember much of the argument. He remembers punching some general on the nose—he'd always wanted to sock a gen-

eral—and then the first thing he knew he was hustling back to camp. The war was on again!

But this time there was no doubt what they were fighting about. They could print what they liked in the history books, but the real issue was whether or not the flush was a legal hand in poker.

The next day saw the beginning of a terrific battle. After three days of fighting, the Southerners retreated from the scene of the poker match—Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. And it took two

more years of fighting for the flush to come into its own. All because there were no official poker laws in those days!

"Can you prove that story?" I asked when the sergeant paused for breath.

"Prove it!" he snorted. "You've got the proof right in your own book! Doesn't it say there that flushes count? What better proof could you have?"

There was no denying that, so I had to admit he was right. And today I often get to wondering . . . Does that bird Hitler play stud?

A Bit of Christmas

(Continued from page 27)

Jones, A. Tolworthy, T. King, H. L. Rhodes, and C. J. Fleck.

All in the Family

IT was husband and wife night at the joint installation of the new officers of Okoboji Lakes Post and its Auxiliary Unit, of Arnolds Park, Iowa, on Thursday night, September 18th. Win Umbehan was installed as Post Commander and his wife, Mrs. Mina Umbehan, was inducted into office as President of the Unit.

To make the situation completely unique, County Commander W. W. Bean conducted the Legion installation

ceremonies, and his wife, Mrs. Bean, County President, conducted those for the Unit.

This unusual situation may have occurred before, and may be possible again, but not often.

A happy thought was that of George Washington Post of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, when it arranged for a joint installation of the new officers of its junior groups.

Miss Caroline Rogalski was inducted as President of the Junior Auxiliary, and Ralph Smith was installed as Captain of the Squadron of Sons of the Legion. The joint service was made a social event. There's another worthy idea.

A Convention Echo

TEN Milwaukee Posts maintain club houses—Milwaukee, George Washington, Alonzo Cudworth, Craig-Schlosser, General William G. Haan, Uptown, Bernard A. Diedrich, Tanner Paull, Federal, and North Shore Posts—and each one of them kept open house during the National Convention in September. Some of them kept open on a twenty-four-hour basis, and each had its full quota of guests. Just how many Legionnaires the hospitable Milwaukee Posts entertained in their club homes is impossible to say, but Commander O. Lyman Dwight kept some sort of a record. Here is his report: "The members



San Diego Junior Baseball champs. Front, left to right, San Clemente, Usher, McFaden, Criswell, O'Dell, Rosenthal; second row, Snyder, Smith, Vinbladh, Manuel, Roxburgh, Morrow, Switters; back row, Jim Kennerly, Hayes, Wes Kennerly, Savin

of Alonzo Cudworth Post are very proud of their Post, its building and furnishings. We kept our building open twenty-four hours a day during the recent Convention and had the privilege of entertaining at least fifty thousand Legionnaires. The thing that gives us greatest pride was the respectful consideration shown by our visitors for our club and its furnishings—there was not a penny's damage. We want them all to come again."

Defense Bonds Prizes

HISTORIAN DAVID TOWNSEND, of Hackler-Wood Post, Bristol, Tennessee, writes: "In April our Post bought eight one-hundred-dollar Defense Bonds, and in July, two more, making a total of \$1,000, all of which came from our sinking fund. We were the first Post in Tennessee to make such a purchase; our membership is 230. We have not stopped—at our Fall Carnival held the week of November 10th, we put up Defense Bonds as prizes: first prize a \$200 bond, second, \$100, four \$25 bonds, and, in addition, we used Defense Stamps for our door prizes."

There's the solution of the problem of prizes, ready-made, cut and fit. Use Defense Bonds and Defense Stamps.

He Found Them

ADJUTANT R. L. HILLPOT of William E. Hare Post, Lansdale, Pennsylvania, sends the Step Keeper an extract from a letter received from Legionnaire Harry S. Dwyer, a member of his Post, now at Camp Read, Trinidad, B. W. I., where he is employed in the construction of the Air Base. Says Comrade Dwyer: "I forgot to mention that on Memorial Day I cocked my Legion cap on the side of my head and paraded down in the city. Boy, I met more Pennsylvanians that day than I could count. But Lansdale was first in Trinidad. We get together and try to compare this war with the last—it appears there isn't much difference."

Junior Ball Champs

PILOTING the second team of Little World Series Winners in the Legion's fifteenth annual Junior Baseball competition, Mike Morrow brought home the bacon with his San Diego players sponsored by San Diego (California) Post. In addition to winning the national championship in 1938, the team was the runner-up in 1940. Its victory in 1941 gives it an unique place in the Junior Baseball world, in which approximately one half million youngsters under the age of seventeen participate each year.

Berwyn, Illinois, was the contender for top honors this year; the series was played on Lane Field, the home ground of the San Diego Padres before a gal-



Something like a star...

OLD AS MAN is the admonition, "Hitch your wagon to a star"; young as a child is the impulse "To wish upon a star." For all men, in all time, a star has been the bright kindling point for dreams, fixed moment in time and eternity, beacon in the night and promise of the day to come.

Something like a star is research, because it answers in the world of practical affairs to some eternal spirit in the heart of man—a perpetual restlessness with things as they are, an eternal seeking for a better way, a continual progress towards a better world. And because this thing lives more in the mind and the spirit than in the world itself, it is perpetual, everlasting, immutable, as etern-

nal in its way as the stars themselves.

More than 60 years ago the General Electric Company first "hitched its wagon" to the bright star of research. In all this time the star has not been extinguished, instead it has gradually grown to be the guiding star of all American industry. Even today, when so large a part of the total resources of General Electric are employed in the task of making America's defenses strong, it still shines bright.

But General Electric is not "wishing upon a star." Throughout the Company, scientists, engineers, executives, are thinking and planning and working to the end that the tomorrow which stars promise shall not simply come—but that it shall be better than today.

American industry has accepted the responsibility of serving America; is accepting the responsibility of helping to defend America; will accept, tomorrow, the responsibility of helping to build a better America and a better world.

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lery of approximately 6,000 for each of the three games. The San Diego wonders took the series, one, two, three, by a score of 8-0, 1-0, and 5-3. The winners left San Diego on September 26th, arrived in New York on the 30th, and attended the two opening games of the World Series at the Yankee Stadium as the guests of the Legion's National Americanism Commission. National Commander Stambaugh met the lads in New York and attended the games with them.

"This is truly an all-American team," says Homer Chaillaux, Director of the National Americanism Commission. "Take a look at the national origin of these lads. San Clemente, third baseman, is of Spanish descent; Catcher LeGrand's father was born in Belgium and his mother in France. Left Fielder Rosenthal's parents were born in Russia. The brothers, Wes and Jim Kennerly, are half Chinese. And then there is the one Negro boy who has been on the team four years, Nelson Manuel, a member of the 1938 winning team and now a veteran of two Little World Series.

"The coach is none other than D. J. 'Mike' Morrow, former University of California baseball player, professional with the Kansas City Blues, and now Director of Athletics at San Diego High School. He has been coaching American Legion Junior Baseball teams since the very first years of the program, which was established in 1926."

Rehabilitation Director

AFTER eighteen years as Director of the Legion's Rehabilitation Service at Washington, Watson B. Miller

retired last summer to become Assistant Federal Security Administrator under Past National Commander Paul V. McNutt. His work brought him very close to the individual Legionnaires throughout the whole country because he worked with their most intimate problems. He was, perhaps, for many years the Legion's Number One man in his personal acquaintance with World War veterans.

On Watson Miller's retirement National Commander Warner appointed T. O. Kraabel, of North Dakota, as Acting Director and at the Milwaukee Convention that appointment was confirmed with the full status as Director. He has been a Legionnaire since 1919, and has a background of veteran service work since 1925 when he became disbursing officer of the Veterans' Bureau at Fargo; as Service Commissioner of North Dakota, and, since June 30, 1937, as claims representative of the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee at Washington. T. O. (don't ask us what that T. O. stands for—that's his name so far as his friends are concerned) retains his membership in Gilbert O. Grafton Post at Fargo which, by the way, is the home Post of National Commander Stambaugh.

Health Clinic

THE biggest health clinic ever held in Oklahoma was sponsored by Locke-Sanders Post at Hugo on August 13th when something more than one thousand persons, World War veterans and their families, gathered for a complete physical examination. The gigantic health assembly was originally the idea of Dr. O. R. Gregg, a Legionnaire, who is di-

rector of the Choctaw County Health Department. Discouraged by poor attendance at regularly-scheduled child welfare clinics, Dr. Gregg took his problem to Locke-Sanders Post. There he got a response that made Hugo the health mecca of the State on that day.

The plan of the clinic contemplates the examination of every infant and pre-school child, every prospective mother, and to immunize for typhoid fever every veteran and member of his family, and also to vaccinate every child against smallpox and diphtheria. The clinic was a huge success.

Case histories of disabled veterans were brought up to date; official claims reviewed, and X-ray examinations made of every member of any veteran's family who might have possible evidence of tuberculosis. Specialists of every kind from the State and District health offices co-operated in the plan and had workers present to aid in the project. Locke-Sanders Post arranged for transportation to and from the clinic, using school buses, and the Auxiliary prepared a luncheon.

Kent Blackout

FOR full five minutes on the night of October 18th the defense-minded city of Kent, Ohio, sampled total war, the kind that strikes at civilians.

At the stroke of eight, three aerial bombs signaled the start of a blackout. J. T. Escott, director of the Legion's Disaster Committee, reports that the demonstration was handled entirely by Portage Post and that a detailed check revealed that the blackout was 99.4 percent complete. BOYD B. STUTLER

Hired Hand

(Continued from page 7)
tried to explain to her how truly dangerous Monty was.

It had happened shortly after they were married, when she'd gone out to gather the eggs. The hen-house was below the barn, and the shortest way to it was through Monty's pen. There were narrow openings on each side, blocked by heavy posts, staggered, so a man could squeeze through but a farm animal couldn't. Myra had walked right through the pen, unconcerned and humming happily, with Monty watching her, not thirty feet away!

When Joe had dashed out, pale and in a cold sweat, and warned her never to go in the pen again, and why, she'd given him a look that still made him cringe inside when he thought of it.

He knew what she'd been thinking. For the first time, looking at him over her rosy honeymoon glasses, she was seeing him as the neighbors always referred to him; as "little Joe" Weather-

ford. The Banfields were afraid of nothing. Joe's father—Big Joe, the horse-breaker—had boasted that he could tame anything that grew hair. And proved it with the biters and screamers and man-killers of the wild bunch.

It was near sundown and suppertime when Joe unhitched the horses and started them up the slope. He followed along carrying a bag of green alfalfa for Monty. When he came to the pen he tossed it in and Monty came ambling over in his lordly way. To look at him you'd never know he could move like a cougar. Joe reached through and scratched his head, but Monty paid no attention. It was like scratching a block of granite covered with thick, wiry hair. "You're not so tough," Joe told him. "We'll get along."

After he'd put the horses away Joe got the muley cow in, ready to milk after supper. On the way to the house he looked in at the shack and was pleased at the way Myra had gotten it slicked

up ready for the new hand. The floor was scrubbed and there were cheerful curtains at the windows.

He washed up, humming under his breath. He went in and sat down at his place with a sigh of content. Myra was all slicked up, too, wearing a fresh print dress and with her hair neatly done up. When she poured his coffee, standing close beside him, he thought he felt her trembling.

"Matt phoned," she said. "The new hand's on his way."

"That's fine," Joe said.

She went around and poured her own coffee. Her dress had short sleeves and a low neck. At the base of her neck, where it merged like a proud column into the curve of her shoulders, he saw a hidden artery pulsing.

"It's Rue King," she said.

So there it was. When you least expected it, when you were on top of the world, you heard it click and felt the teeth of the trap sink home. . . . Joe

reached for the cream. He tried to block all expression from his eyes.

He said: "Rufe King, eh?"

She nodded. "He'd already started when Matt phoned. Matt thought he was joking at first. But Rufe insisted he was broke and needed work." The flush was high on her cheeks but her gaze was level. "I'm sorry, Joe."

"Rufe should make a good hand," Joe said. "He's big and strong." He even smiled a little as he said: "Sugar, honey?" That was one of their little jokes. Newly-weds never could remember whether the other used cream or sugar in their coffee, or which side of the bed the other preferred and things like that.

"No, thanks," said Myra. "No sugar."

Joe was glad to get out to the barn. He sweated plenty while he milked the muley cow in the still, suffocating heat. He got nowhere. He was damned if he did and damned if he didn't. And thinking only made it worse.

Rufe was no hired hand. He was the son of Caldwell King. Though the empire was crumbling now, there were still twenty-seven-thousand acres left at the Star Cross. At round-up time their cook wagon fed forty men. A King work for Little Joe Weatherford? Particularly Rufe, when he and Myra Banfield had practically been engaged since they were knee-high?

The neighbors who'd listened in when

Matt phoned were certainly chuckling about that. Rufe had been away on the rodeo circuit when Joe and Myra had been married last fall, and everybody had been wondering what he'd do when he got back. This was it. Trust Rufe to pull something like this out of the hat; heading out to the Weatherford homestead in the guise of a farm hand. Like a grinning shot to a broken corn-crib. Like a wolf to the fold.

And what was to be done about it? He couldn't fire Rufe on sight, without cause, just because he was Rufe. It would show he was afraid on Myra's account. Worse still, on his own. But if he let Rufe move into the homestead and into their lives, as a hired hand did, what then?

It was worrying Myra, too. When the chores were done and they were sitting on the front porch, watching sundown fading on the range, she said: "Are you going to send him back?"

For a minute Joe clutched at hope. If it was all right with Myra the rest of the world didn't matter. "Should I?" he asked.

But she shook her head. "It's up to you, my dear."

That was a tough one. He was facing it alone, after all. "We'll see," he said. "We'll see."

The freight truck's lights probed the shadows below. They stopped, then went on. Soon Rufe appeared on the brow of

the hill, striding toward them on his long legs, his blanket roll slung across his shoulders. He was singing, his voice rolling and chuckling in the night:

I got a gal and you got none,

Li'l Liza Jane . . .

They could see him better as he drew nearer. Except for his sombrero and worn, high-heeled shoes, he was dressed for the part in khaki jeans and hickory shirt. But you could tell at a glance that he was no hired hand. A man can't ride at Cheyenne and Pendleton and not carry himself with a touch of swagger. He was long and lean and bronzed. with a heavy jaw and flashing teeth.

Joe met him at the porch. "Hi, Rufe."

Rufe towered above him and gave him a hard, twinkling look. But all he said was, "Hi, ya, boss," and brushed on by going straight to Myra. She was standing up, too, with the rocker between them, so Rufe could only take her hand, bending his head. He had his sombrero off and his dark hair glistened.

"Well, Myra," he said. "No kiss for poor old Rufe?"

He sounded joking and easy, but it made Joe's skin crawl. Myra pulled her hand away and stood up straighter, smiling a little.

"Mrs. Joe Weatherford," she said. "The lady of the house."

Rufe threw back his head and chuckled. "Ho! Excuse me."

She said: "You know what I mean.

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Rufe." Her tone was unmistakable.

She looked at Joe, and Joe stepped up quickly. "You'll sleep in the shack, Rufe. Fetch your blankets and I'll show you the way."

Rufe looked down at them, scratching his head. Then he snapped his fingers. "Of course. I'm the new hay hand!" He bowed to Myra, "Yes, ma'am," and to Joe; "Yessir. The shack it is."

He made it sound comical in spite of the bitter lines about his mouth and the black, flaming way he looked at Myra. He picked up his blanket roll and followed Joe, his sombrero tilted.

Joe led the way to the shack and lighted the bracket lamp. Rufe threw his blankets on the bunk and looked about him. He didn't waste any time, but started testing Joe. Testing him with acid.

"This is swell," he said. "Myra's done well by the help. A fine woman, Joseph. Too fine to work her fingers to the bone and grow bent and old on a two-bit homestead like this, maybe?"

Joe looked at him steadily. "The pay's fifty and found."

"Soft-hearted, though," said Rufe, shaking his head. "A push-over for the little ones, the sad-eyed ones. Particularly when ol' Rufe wasn't on the job. Still—"

"We work long hours in haying time," Joe said, his teeth set. "So we eat at six. I'll call you at five."

He turned away, but Rufe said softly: "Wait, Joseph, me lad." His grin wasn't pleasant. "I get it. You're calling my bluff, eh? Taking a chance like a regular, full-grown, hard-boiled gambler? Okay, son."

Joe didn't sleep well, tired as he was. Always before when the stars flamed above the range and the world grew still in the night, there had been a comfortable feeling about the homestead. Anything could happen out yonder, but you were safe here. Your treasures were safe.

But it was different now.

He called Rufe at five in the morning. "I'll harness the horses and feed Monty, Rufe," he said. "You milk the cow. The bucket's in the cooler."

Rufe reared up sleepily. "Eh? Milk the cow? The hell with it." He lay down again. "Call me in time for breakfast."

For a minute Joe thought this was it. He had his excuse; he could fire Rufe. But Rufe went on, yawning: "I'm no hired hand, little one. I'm a hay hand, bless us."

There was a difference. A hay hand did no chores. Joe hesitated and turned away. Maybe Matt had said hay hand when he hired Rufe.

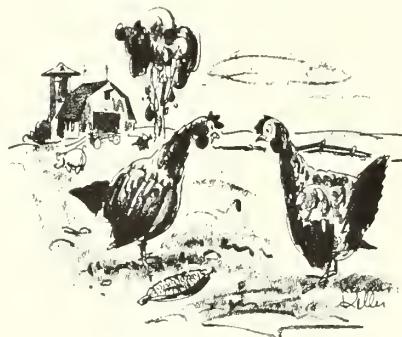
It didn't fool Myra. Rufe was on the porch, wise-cracking with her through the open door, when Joe came back from the barn. She glanced at the milk-pail and at Joe, then went on with her work.

Rufe did all the talking at breakfast. He told Myra about the bad horse he

had drawn at Cheyenne, about the King ranch and how it was on the upgrade again. It would soon be happy days at the Star Cross. He, Rufe, was taking over that fall.

After breakfast Myra went out to the barn with them to feed the chickens. Joe explained things to Rufe: the layout of the stables, how the haying would go. He gave his orders. Rufe would go on with the mowing. He, Joe, would get the stacking equipment into shape.

But Rufe's confidence was growing. "I got a better idea, Joseph. You wrangle the alfalfa. Getting the rig together's



"As my mother used to say—an egg a day keeps the ax away!"

my meat. We've got a dozen Jackson forks at the Star Cross."

Joe didn't look at Myra. "Either way."

Then they came to Monty. That was bad.

"Great sunfish!" said Rufe. Monty was blinking at them through the bars of the pen. "What's this overstuffed grandstander?"

"He's no grandstander," Joe told him. Somehow it made him feel better to explain how vicious Monty was. He told how he handled Monty when necessary: he used a heavy stick, a hoe handle, with a snap on the end of it. Joe called it a goad. With the snap in the ring in Monty's nose he could be held away and led around. Otherwise you couldn't go near him.

"Yeah?" said Rufe. He squeezed through the opening and walked into the pen. He stood there looking curiously at Monty. Monty looked back at him, turning his head from one side to the other.

"Rufe!" said Myra. "Come out of there! Please!"

Rufe got out a match. He lit his cigarette and broke the match and snapped it at Monty. It hit Monty on the nose and Monty shook his head, blinking. But he didn't charge or do a thing but stand there stupidly.

Rufe came out, grinning. "They sure build 'em high and wide," he said. "I'll bet that clown weighs a ton."

Joe sweated plenty down in the swale. Rufe left his work on the rig a half dozen times and went over to the house. The first time it was for a drink, it seemed; the second time for a hand-

saw. The last time or two he had no visible excuse and he stayed longer.

The afternoon was worse. In the middle of it, when Rufe had been in the house almost an hour, Joe tied the horses and came up the slope. He picked up a spreader stake lying there. It was tough and heavy and it gave him courage. But when he came into the open he threw it down. A little man with a club. . . . He didn't mean to stop and listen when he came to the porch. He couldn't help overhearing them.

"Don't, Rufe." This was Myra. "No . . ." Then, more peremptorily: "Take your hands off me, Rufe King! I'll call Joe."

Rufe laughed: "Joe! . . . Look, Myra. I should have asked you before I left. You should have waited. So what? So we both made a mistake. Let's go on from there. Oh, I know you're sorry for the undersized yokel—"

"That's enough," said Myra. "I'm married to Joe. Whatever happens, whatever he is, he's mine. . . . That's all, Rufe. . . ."

Joe stumbled away and down to the sweltering swale. "Whatever he is, he's mine. . . ." He'd made a whole turn before he saw Rufe come out and stride confidently back to the rig. Rufe had never been denied anything. In the end he always got what he wanted. You knew he was thinking: "You're almost in the money, cowboy."

After supper Joe went into the living-room. Myra followed him in and closed the door behind her, just as Joe took down the rifle from the wall. It was a 25-20. Joe used it on chicken-hawks and coyotes.

But there were no shells in it.

"I hid them," Myra whispered, standing close. "I was afraid of this. . . . Just fire him, Joe. I'll stand by you, whatever happens."

"Okay." Joe put the rifle back on the rack. He felt almost suffocated. "After I get the milking done."

Rufe was sitting at the table, leaning back lazily. He cocked an eyebrow at Joe as he went by with the bucket. A knowing look. He said: "Take your time, son."

Half way to the barn, Joe set the milk pail down. What was he waiting for? Why squirm and twist and make excuse? Like death, you only met it once. He started back, saying to himself: "This is it, whatever happens."

He was too late; he heard Myra laugh. There was a note in it that seemed to shrivel his heart. It was like she was saying: "I gave you every chance and a final chance, and I'm sorry, Joe. This is the way of it."

What she said was: "Let's gather the eggs, Rufe."

Rufe guffawed: "That's fine—for a starter."

Joe dove into the barn like a rat into its hole. He started the milking, perspira-

tion blinding his eyes and rolling down his cheeks. He thought: "I'll make it easy for her. I'll admit that it was all a mistake. She'll never have to work so hard, or cook for the help or be ashamed of anybody, over there at the Star Cross."

They were coming closer; they were outside, by the pen. Both laughed. Myra said. "Okay, Rufe. Maybe you've been right, all along."

"Sure," said Rufe. "You've been kidded plenty, poor child."

For a minute Joe didn't understand that they were talking about Monty. Now they were in the pen. They were taking the short cut to the henhouse. Myra was in the pen. . . . Joe stopped his milking and held his breath, listening. The goad was just opposite him, leaning against the wall. He got up quickly, set the pail down and reached for the goad.

Then the hush of sundown exploded. Myra's scream cut like a jagged knife. Rufe's startled oath soared. The stable wall bulged in like rubber, dust flew from the boards and the crash of it reverberated through the barn.

Joe ran outside with the goad. Rufe was in the pen, scrambling up the fence, looking back over his shoulder. Myra was nowhere to be seen. At the base of the wall at Joe's left, Monty was leaping like a hooked salmon, kneeling, rising up, hurling himself down again. He was bellowing now, and the berserk echoes rolled.

Joe ran into the pen and saw Myra there. She was like a broken doll. She was on her back, her body pressed into the angle formed by wall and ground. Only the great spread of Monty's horns had saved her thus far; the wall was splintered above her and the ground plowed into furrows under her. Her arms were pressed tightly over her face. "Joe!" Her voice came thin and hopeless. "Joe!"

Joe was coming as fast as he could, and he could move fast in a pinch. It seemed all too slow. This time Monty crashed down at an angle, lunging and plunging in. One horn caught in her print dress, grooved up past her right breast and shoulder and tore the frail cloth from her. She was stripped to the waist, but her white flesh, her tender flesh, was unbroken still.

Joe plunged in past Monty's churning hoofs. It was like diving under a falling mountain, but he was in there beside Myra. She was behind him, pressed down into the corner. He grasped at the ring in Monty's nose, missed it and twisted on his side, his back protecting Myra. Monty was on his knees and for a minute he had them pinned crushingly there, one horn in the splintered boards above Joe and the other deep in the soil under him.

Then Joe got his hold on the ring. He got the snap on it and heaved out and

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up, pushing Monty's nose back a little. "Crawl!" he told Myra, arching his body out to give her room. "Quick! I'll hold him."

She crawled, inching along the base of the wall like a crippled insect. She got to the fence but didn't get up; she sat pressed into the corner, drawing her legs up under her and holding her tattered dress against her, head bowed. "Get in the clear, Myra!" Joe knew he couldn't hold Monty alone; no one man could hold Monty when his full, fighting madness was upon him. "Out of the pen!"

"Rufe!" Myra called. "Rufe!"

Rufe wasn't there, but now his pounding feet came from the direction of the house. He'd gone after the rifle. He scrambled up the fence and stopped at the top. "The shells! Where are the shells?"

"Never mind!" Myra screamed. "Help him, Rufe! Help him with the goad!"

Monty's raging bulk and the swirling dust blotted Rufe out. Joe could hold Monty's foaming muzzle a little ways away, but not enough. Just enough to breathe, to protect his face against his straining arms: enough, maybe, for three or four seconds more for Myra. She'd probably made it now: she was in the clear. . . .

Suddenly other hands were on the goad, new strength and weight. Joe thought they were Rufe's hands, but they were too small. They were grimy, bruised, beautiful hands. "Okay, Joe," Myra said, her breath coming hard. "I'm here. Just—hang on."

They had Monty then. Joe knew they could have held Monty if he'd weighed a dozen tons. Inch by inch while he

leaped and thrust and fell and exploded up again they held him off. They gained ground little by little. They came up to elbow and knee, Joe in close and Myra right behind him, leaning in close and hanging on.

The white foam on Monty's muzzle was deepening to red. His back was arched and his neck bowed and ribbed like a giant accordion, but they held him away. "Okay, honey," Joe said. "He's ours. . . . Open the door. I'll play him in." They got him in. Myra would have slammed the door and left the goad clamped to Monty, but Joe got the snap off first. "Look," he said, "the ring's almost torn out. You're going to have a sore nose for a while, Monty."

Myra would have leaned against the door, but Joe led her away. "Let's get out of the pen." She went stumbling with him, hanging on to his arm. He heard her gasp and looked at her quickly. "Hurt badly, honey?"

She shook her head. With her free hand she held her torn dress against her breast, looking up at Rufe on top of the fence. Tears were running down her dimpled, grimy face: she was laughing and crying at the same time. "I'm sorry, Joe. I c-can't help it." She choked a little. "He—he looks like a squirrel."

Joe smiled up at Rufe. "No, honey," he said. "That's our hired hand. He doesn't seem very big after Monty, does he?"

She pressed her cheek against his arm. "I—I'm kind of crazy," she said. "That's why I went through the pen."

"Ha!" said Joe. "Don't do it again, honey."

He pushed her between the posts and followed behind her. He leaned the goad

against the fence and went over and looked up at Rufe. Rufe pulled in his legs and hunched his shoulders. He tried to grin but only bared his teeth. "Okay, okay," he said. "So I couldn't find the shells. So—"

"So get down from there, Rufe," Joe said. "Go in there and finish milking the muley cow. Then take the milk to the cooler and strain it into the pan. Then wash the bucket and you're through for the night. Do you understand?"

The top rail creaked as Rufe squirmed and twisted. He didn't look at Myra and his face flushed darkly, but he took it. The showdown was here and he read the cards as they lay. "Got it," he said.

"We pay the best wages," Joe said. "We feed well. All we expect in return is an honest day's work. No funny business. Nothing personal. No back talk. Whenever it comes, you're fired. Whenever you don't like it, you quit. It's just that simple. Got it?"

"Yessir," said Rufe.

"Fine," said Joe. He stepped back beside Myra. "We'll make a hand out of you yet, Rufe. No hard feelings. Up and at 'em, son."

Rufe clambered down, his back to them. He leaned the rifle against the fence and went into the barn. Joe took up the rifle and he and Myra went toward the house. They looked at each other almost shyly, at first: then they burst out laughing and leaned closer together. They were a sight, the both of them: bruised and covered with dust and their clothes practically torn off. They couldn't help but laugh: two scarecrow figures staggering along a high bench at sundown, hand in hand, like they owned the world.

The Hidden River

(Continued from page 11)

rule was stealthily ignored. Captain Kendrick, then on a short cruise in the *Washington*, had fired a cannon as the signal for the opening of the trade. As no trade appeared he left the deck for a spell and, hearing a low laugh, looked out the cabin window full into the face of a grinning savage, dangling the key to the arms chest and indicating by signs that the sloop and her captain were his! Beyond, he caught a swift glimpse of a score of his brethren crouching along the rails. Kendrick though close to fifty was an active, powerful ex-privateersman. With a single leap he was on deck, had his confident captor by the waist and pitched him overboard key and all. Turning to the rest, he found that, startled by the gentle hint, they were already in the water making tracks for the shore!

Up and down the coast but never as far south as 46 degrees, ten minutes, the two vessels cruised for furs and in due

time had sufficient bales of skins to make a cargo. These were put aboard the *Columbia* which then proceeded to the Sandwich Islands under the command of Gray to take on sea-stores for the long run to China, Captain Kendrick remaining on the coast in the *Washington*, getting her a cargo and intending to follow. In three months and a half Gray arrived at Canton, sold his furs "at a sacrifice," hauled out for repairs and loaded teas for home. Homeward-bound, flying down the river before a misty gale, the *Columbia* passed without sighting her old consort recently arrived from Nootka Sound in distress, and at anchor in Dirty Butter Bay.

And with him, homeward-bound, Captain Robert Gray carried his idea, which on the long passage he had ample leisure to think over. If there really was a large river at 46 degrees, ten minutes, on the West Coast, as he had every reason to believe, penetrating as it would for hundreds of miles a vast wilderness of giant

firs, there would of a certainty be trade aplenty.

But Yankee that he was, he was also a loyal patriot to the core and shrewdly surmised that the country which discovered the "Great River of the West" and explored it, would by that act lay a pretty firm foundation for a claim to the entire region.

He determined to come out again and do just that.

The *Columbia* arrived home August 10, 1790, by way of the Cape of Good Hope after an absence of nearly three years, having sailed over fifty thousand miles. Naturally Boston gave her a rousing welcome. A holiday was declared in honor of her arrival, an impromptu parade formed and her officers and crew marched in triumph to music through streets crowded with cheering citizens, the day ending with a public reception to the owners of the ship and her entire company by Governor Hancock himself. Though she hadn't made

money she did make "a saving voyage," meaning, I suppose, she was out of the red "with some profit."

It was not long before the *Columbia* (now twenty years old), thoroughly overhauled and refitted, was outward-bound once more for Nootka Sound and, cutting down her previous run under Kendrick by almost four months, in due time arrived on the Coast. Gray was a driver! This time her captain made a point of standing close in under the land where he had previously noted a change in the color of the water. The sea was heavy and a tremendous surf smothered any indication of an entrance. But there was no longer any doubt about the source of the current. The captain decided to come that way again.

He did. And this time he stood off-and-on for nine days "waiting for a chance to run in." But the seas were so heavy and constant, the outset so strong, that no prudent skipper would take his vessel in close on such a lee-shore, and from the deck of his reeling ship he could see little but foam-smothered rocks at the foot of a lofty headland, misty in the spume. Nor would he risk the lives of a boat's crew for closer inspection in the boiling cauldron which confronted him. Nine days is a lot of time for a commercial vessel to spend with nothing to show for it, so reluctantly the captain bore away.

Shortly afterward he fell in with Captain George Vancouver, R. N., in H. M. S. *Discovery*, accompanied by the armed sloop *Chatham*, her tender. Captain Vancouver had been executive officer with Captain Cook in his famous last two voyages and now on the Coast, to execute the provisions of the Nootka Treaty between Spain and England with instructions "to search diligently, making the most careful examination of the coast, explore all inlets and rivers" and above all clear up the mystery concerning the fabled "Great River of The West."

On the invitation of her commander, Captain Gray went aboard the *Discovery*, and in reply to his query as to whether he had seen anything new, told Vancouver what he had observed in Latitude 46 degrees, 10 minutes. At that spot he was certain there was a large river which he had tried to enter without success for nine days. He was determined to try it again and would Vancouver coöperate?

Vancouver flatly refused, saying he had passed that way two days before and from what he saw from his ship was satisfied that Captain Meares was right in naming the headland Cape Disappointment and the so-called estuary, Deception Bay. There was no river there!

In vain the American sailor pointed

out that Meares had not explored his "Deceptive Bay"—had not even attempted an entrance through the heavy surf on the bar—he himself well knew how heavy that surf could be, but in more favorable weather the *Discovery's* pinnace and the *Columbia's* long-boat supporting each other could sound out the channel which was of a certainty there and mark it perhaps so the ships might follow. Above all they would definitely find out what lay beyond the Capes.

It was no use.

But Captain Gray had built better than he knew. In endeavoring to persuade Vancouver he had thoroughly convinced himself. By the time he had said "way enough" to his boat's crew and climbed up the side of his own ship his mind was made up. He would try again!

In that chance meeting on the lonely ocean one hundred and fifty years ago what unseen force directed the course of those two ships? Call it fate, the hand of providence, luck or what you will, something hovered above the two men and pointed the way. The one to enduring fame by accomplishing "the greatest single act ever performed for his country by one of its citizens;" the other to what came very close to being professional disgrace and brought his country to the brink of war. And so Robert Gray, on his own, joined the

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slender file of lone men who from its very inception became instruments in the Nation's destiny.

THIS time luck was with him. The passage to the southward was a whole-sail reach of plain sailing, and on the morning of May 11th the Capes were a pale silhouette against the dawn "bearing southeast six leagues distant;" and by eight o'clock the ship was abreast of what he termed "the Port of his Destination."

The time was at hand!

Gray gave the order to square-away for the beach and went aloft. This time there was no hesitation, no cause for delay as from the foretopsail yard he conned his ship toward "the smooth" clearly marking the unknown channel. If she struck she was gone. The first sweep of his glass showed no rock broke the surface.

His eye, keen as a gull's, was on the unknown waters ahead but his anxious ear was only for the call of the leadsmen in the fore-chains who, in a high-pitched chant, told that the water was shoaling—shoaling—shoaling!

"By the deep—Nine." * * * "And a half—seven" * * * "Quarter less—Five!"

* * * "Deep—FOUR!" (twenty-four feet and the *Columbia* was drawing twelve!) Then—

"And a quarter—Five" * * * * "By the deep—SIX!" A cheer broke out from below—they were over the bar!

As she hesitated—faltered a bit, in the swirling eddies of the bottle-neck—he ordered the stun' sails set port and starboard. The wind was now dead ast.

And so, her crew jubilant, the *Columbia* forged ahead upstream. Presently finding herself "on the broad bosom of a great river of fresh water," the ship smoothly glided along and when the entrance, bearing southwest, was ten miles distant dropped her mud-hook in ten fathoms of water.

Her entry had caused a sensation along both banks and scores of canoes now crowded about her. In answer to the captain's eager inquiry, a tall Chi-

nook gravely arose in his canoe. Lifting a sinewy hand on high in salute to the White Chief, and with the dignity of his race he slowly spoke: "Never—before—in the memory of the oldest brave or squaw—in his tribe—had a White Man's 'big canoe' floated on their river."

"They were the first who ever had burst into that silent sea." For twenty-five miles further they slowly ascended the river "gathering a great quantity of furs" till the ship took the ground. "They backed her off without difficulty into better water" and Gray sent a boat ahead to sound out the channel—if there was one. But finding that a Cape Horn was not adapted to river navigation, he dropped downstream and on the nineteenth day of May, 1792—"while the men were busily paving the sides of the ship with tar"—near the river's mouth the captain took a boat-party ashore for the formal flag-raising. "At the foot of a great pine-tree he planted coins and documents." As the ship's ensign went slowly aloft, Robert Gray solemnly proclaimed that:

"Before God and all men—sovereign rights to this river, its banks, its tributaries and all lands that lie adjacent thereto—forever belong to the United States of America. And may God protect those rights." Establishing a claim that still sticks.

The river itself he called after his beloved ship, and Columbia it is today.

"You know the rest in the books you have read"—of the Lewis and Clark Expedition; the Louisiana Purchase; the Oregon Trail; Irving's "Astoria;" the Accession of California and the boundary dispute of the Forties with it "defi:" *Fifty-four-forty or Fight.*" All these things, directly or indirectly, stem back one hundred and fifty years to a young sea-captain on a wild coast in the slings of a top-sail yard, high above the deck of his tiny command, who had an *idea*. And who, with faith in that idea, took a chance for his country and won three million square miles of wilderness, now the twenty-two great States comprising the vast empire lying between the Mississippi River and the Pacific.

The Message Center

(Continued from page 2)

World War service as a major of infantry, organized the Department of Delaware and became its first Commander. He was a member of the sub-committee on Preamble at the St. Louis Caucus, and as such submitted the enclosed tentative draft, which was the basis for the Preamble, which finally evolved. Judge Davis resigned from the Circuit bench in Portland, Oregon, to join the First Officers' Training Camp and after the war practised law in Wilmington, Delaware, until six years ago, farmed for five

years and returned to Oregon last April, where his address is Cottage Farm, Belmont Road, Hood River.

WE HAD occasion in the November issue to quote the English sage, Dr. Sam Johnson, the greatest conversationalist of all time, with regard to the natural history of Iceland. In the marvelous life of Johnson by James Boswell are other occasional flashes that highlight something of this day and age. In the year 1778, for example, Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds were part of a

company at the home of General Paoli (a Corsican patriot who did more for his people and for mankind than the first Napoleon did), and Boswell observes: "At this time, fears of an invasion were circulated; to obviate which, Mr. Spotiswoode observed, that Mr. Fraser, the engineer, who had lately come from Dunkirk, said that the French had the same fears of us." Napoleon's long-planned expedition against England out of Boulogne in 1805 which fell apart after Nelson soundly whipped its sea arm at Trafalgar, put an end to English fears of invasions for many years. But there were numerous "invasion panics" in England between 1847 and 1861, and after Germany conquered France in 1870 came the most realistic of them all. An anonymous writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* (later identified as General Sir George Tomkins Chesney) wrote a series of articles which, when they were collected in book form in 1871, sold more than two hundred thousand copies under the title, "The German Conquest of England in 1875, and Battle of Dorking; or Reminiscences of a Volunteer, Describing the Arrival of the German Armada—Destruction of the British Fleet—the Decisive Battle of Dorking—Capture of London—Downfall of the British Empire—By an Eyewitness, in 1925." In the December, 1911, issue of *Scribner's Magazine*, Richard Harding Davis had a diverting tale, *The Invasion of England*, in which some Oxford University students in fancy dress uniforms frightened the inhabitants of a number of coastal towns. Adolf Schiklgruber's inability to take the island fortress in 1940 because he couldn't win daylight mastery of the air over England finally forced him, as the inability to gain sea mastery did Napoleon, to turn to the east, for as James Truslow Adams pointed out in an article in this magazine three months before the invasion of Russia *Hell Bent for Helena*, March, 1941, so long as England stands, mastery of even the whole of the European continent will be so much Dead Sea fruit in the Nazis' mouth.

On Time

(Continued from page 22)

Everywhere the same story. Too little and TOO LATE.

Getting there fast used to be an American tradition. From General Forrest down to today every American soldier has stressed the time-factor in war.

Today there isn't a lot of time for the democracies. We must get there, and soon. With ships. With guns. With tanks. With planes. That means You in the factories. It means You in management. It means You in the Army, also. You must learn this lesson quickly. But if you once get hold of it, you'll come out with something besides an honorable discharge—the ability to be on time.

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were Untrue to Grandma Gray

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Got a Job: Get Me a Room

(Continued from page 9)

while that is going on. It must get prepared for action.

There are approximately 184 critical areas (military and defense industry districts) in the United States serving as magnets to migratory workers. To each of these, workers have swarmed in high hopes of finding good jobs at boom wages. To each the migrants have brought every kind of civic suffering that growing pains can cause. Cities like San Diego that had planned their growth for decades ahead find themselves trying to handle a population that wasn't expected for another fifty years. Hamlets like Charlestown, Indiana, with a population of 950 find themselves swamped with 23,000 men on the payroll of a powder plant that mushroomed into existence. Cities like Bath, Maine, and Norfolk, Virginia, have been through defense booms before and because of that they don't like to think too much about the aftermath. A sample of the files kept at Louisville, Kentucky, last spring showed that migrants from 38 States and the District of Columbia had gone to Kentucky to get aboard the defense prosperity gravy train. Forty percent of them were skilled workers. Housing, school, health and sanitation, traffic and recreation loads have proved far too heavy for most of these communities to bear.

To say that deep-rooted local traditions and modes of life have been ruthlessly upset is to underestimate the case. And lurking in the background of every one of these new defense boom centers is the chilling fear that in a short time it is destined to become a ghost town. The older, better established cities wonder how they can possibly hope to take up the slack when the civilian army of jobless men starts moving in from the mushroom defense towns.

There is one remarkable thing about the present boom that is new. It has always been a good old American custom or mental habit to pull up stakes and move when trouble hits. The far-off hills look inviting and there may be gold in 'em. At all events there's an escape from today's difficulties. Only in 1941 there are six times as many automobiles as there were when the United States went to war and had to expand its industries in 1917.

A people on wheels. That's America today. Workers in defense factories don't have to live in the towns where they work. Many of them find places to live as far as 50 or 60 miles away and drive that distance morning and night to and from the job. Here is a fact with which the economists and social workers will have to reckon in studying their post-emergency equa-

tions. The industrial worker has a car now. It may not be a 1942 job, but it runs. He intends to keep it, because he knows it represents his one chance to keep moving and catch up with what he wants.

To those who own trailers, the car is hearth and home. Workers who have what might be thought of as luxury money aren't spending it for silk shirts as they did in 1917-'18. They are putting it into cars and trailers.

In the long run that habitual wandering about may have some serious social consequences. Now in the fall of 1941 it seems to promise that the post-emergency slump, when it comes, will differ radically from its predecessors. It is quite possible that communities which expect to be hit hardest will find their problem has rolled away from them overnight on wheels. Other cities and towns that feel safe now may wake up and find themselves with a full-grown crisis on their door steps.

Getting America's defense job under way has already produced one major industrial migration. There are 2,000,000 migrants on the road today, the Department of Agriculture says. Shifting back from a war basis to peace-time pursuits will start another migration.

What does "home" mean to the migrant workers? Well, home is a powerful magnet, but unless it means a job in addition to a place to live in passable comfort, it isn't going to hold him.

Take the case of Otis Porter, a 39-year-old electrician from Pawnee, Oklahoma. Married and with a family of six children, the oldest of whom was 13 when he testified before the Tolson Committee at San Diego last June, Porter explained that he had been able to do no better than pick up odd jobs for the last four years. Although he owns his home in Pawnee, he rented it last January and started for San Diego with a

stake of \$14. An aircraft company put him to work at 64 cents an hour. In May he sent for his family.

Finding a place to live proved to be one of those disheartening tasks that has made thousands of migrant workers' lives just about as happy as those of a cantor in Warsaw. Porter had almost no choice. He finally rented a one-room cabin in an auto court. He, Mrs. Porter and the six children live in it, paying \$18 a week rent.

"What do your total wages amount to in a month?" the examiner asked him.

"Approximately \$135," Porter answered.

"Then you pay more than half of that for rent?"

"Yes, sir—and lucky to get it."

"Would you rather be back home or here?"

"If I had a job at home, I would rather be home."

Yes, they want to go home in most cases, but these folks with cars are going to make plenty of stopovers when, and if, they can find jobs as they migrate from the defense plant to the town they left. More and more of them say, "As long as I am making a living, it doesn't make any difference where I live." It's economics not sentiment that weighs most.

John J. Egan, who ought to know workers' attitudes, says that there is more talk of the future, more awareness, among industrial workers than there was in the last war. Mr. Egan is state secretary of the American Federation of Labor in Connecticut. Workers and their wives, he says, realize that the defense jobs are temporary. The last depression is recent enough to remain vivid in their minds.

Are they saving any of their wages? Strangely enough there is a rather surprising amount of evidence that these migrant workers in defense industries—without whom our situation would be indeed desperate—are putting money away against the hard times that all of



"Shot, nothing! I'll bet he met his death under a steam-roller!"

them expect. In New England, for example, business men generally say that this is not a spending boom. Apparently the defense worker, 1941 model, doesn't resemble the free-spending lads who worked in shipyards and shell-loading plants and discovered silk shirts in 1918.

Talk to defense workers today and you learn quickly that they have two ideas firmly fixed in their minds: (1) to complete the payments on the car or trailer they are buying; (2) to accumulate a few hundred dollars to cushion the shock when their jobs eventually blow out to sea.

So far most of the saving is voluntary. There is talk of making it compulsory in some sections. There is sentiment, too, in favor of some dismissal wage plan by which the employer would build up a wage to be paid when the job ends.

One of the most striking points about the migrant worker situation, as it exists today, is the agreement among those who have given any thought whatever to the matter that America is moving closer every day to a perfectly predictable crisis. This is to be no bolt from the blue, no sudden descent of hard times. It is giving us all the warning that the country should need. It is challenging the ingenuity and planning ability of government, of industry and of community enterprise. Can America outguess the post-emergency crisis or outmaneuver it? Or do we take it on the chin and go down as we watch some sort of state socialism move in?

There is a growing feeling among some industrialists that we can learn much that will be useful from the experience following the war boom years of 1916-'18. For example, they say that if consumer and non-defense spending is restrained now, a big backlog of buying power will accumulate to bridge over the post-emergency period. They say, too, that if we can build ships, planes, tanks, guns and ammunition, there is no reason why we can't produce more and better houses, automobiles, refrigerators, clothing and all the other things that we know make for better, more comfortable living. They think that the decentralization process to which industry is being subjected now will help recovery rather than impede it.

YES, there will be some ghost towns five years from now or whenever it is that the slump arrives. Probably that is inevitable, but those towns, in most cases, will have warning of their fate. The aircraft and shipbuilding centers should continue working longest. In the old industrial areas there may be an acute situation while the change-over from defense to normal production is accomplished. In the Seattle-Tacoma area and in Southern California it becomes more apparent every day that every possible effort will be made by the cities and towns affected to hold their

newly acquired industrial factories and keep 'em producing.

Installment buying has been curbed. Migrant workers, the best authorities say, are staying out of debt, except where they are buying cars and trailers. Better still, they are saving their money.

What is America, faced with this predictable crisis, going to do about it? Well, America has at least not waited for the crisis to arrive before starting to act. Federal and state governments have started to meet it intelligently by studying it and planning to be ready for it when it breaks.

Do you remember what Louisville was up against after World War No. 1? It had a big cantonment, Camp Taylor, that became one of the eeriest spots that humans ever shunned. The war saw its whiskey distilling business prohibited. Its tobacco markets went elsewhere.

Did Louisville take its bad luck lying down? No, that proud midwestern city, that likes so well to be considered on the hem of the Deep South, went to work and made the post-war years up to 1930 the period of greatest growth

that Louisville ever had. Bankers, industrialists, Jefferson Post of the American Legion, public utilities and small business rolled up their sleeves and went to work. The town took inventory, finding out first what it had in the way of assets. Then it started in on a campaign to sell those assets.

Legion Posts that sense an opportunity to do something constructive when or before the post-emergency slump arrives don't need to wait before making a start. But they should realize that planning of itself won't solve problems, not even the problem of the migrant industrial worker who finds himself out of a job when we find ourselves saying farewell to *ersatz* Utopia. Plans are necessary. Make no mistake as to that. But the plans of all the organizations in the community must be coordinated.

Ever hear the words, "a sense of individual obligation to the community, State and nation"? Translated into action by Legion Posts those words will mean volumes in whipping the next depression and in restoring normal community life to America.

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Get Fit, Stay Fit

(Continued from page 17)

fellow townsman of Swede's, chairman of the Department Committee on physical education, health education and recreation. The cause is to be pushed not only in the Rapid City district but throughout the State.

In the plan of the McCormick committee, the full program in a community will serve four groups. The groups comprise, in order, selectees and post-school men below the registration age; boys still in school, mainly in colleges and universities; boys and girls in grade and high schools; and adults, both men and women. The plan looks to use of gymnasiums and play fields, public and otherwise, through twelve months in the year, with school gymnasiums open evenings and Saturdays during the school year.

Local conditions will govern communities in determining whether to attempt the full program at once or to begin with attention to one or two groups with a view to expanding later. In Rapid City the start was made with boys and girls in its grade and high schools. The school board voted funds to hire a director and buy needed equipment for an experimental recreation program in the summer of 1941. It also granted use of the high-school athletic field and of school-owned play equipment.

"Success of a play project for young folk"—Comrade Nielsen again speaking—"depends on good leadership, on trained supervision. Euclid Cobb, director of physical education in the public schools and high-school coach, a Legionnaire, was put in charge of the boys' activities. The WPA recreation project in Rapid City, which had been conducting its own recreation program for sev-

eral years, offered it cooperation and assigned eleven assistants to help.

"Of the eleven, six helped Cobb in a daily play schedule, two handled junior baseball, one helped the city-employed swimming instructor and lifeguard at Canyon Lake, near the city, and the rest aided a girls' program in East Rapid park. The six instructors for the boys took hold of special games or age groups, handling touch and soccer football, softball, baseball, volleyball, basketball, boxing, track sports and group calisthenics. The girls went to the lake some of the time but mostly stayed in the park under leadership in organized play, tennis, archery, outdoor music and dramatics, and dancing.

"Fully 900 youngsters, from 6 to 15 mostly, took part. The number does not include senior high-school athletes who occasionally helped as instructors in their specialties."

This is a mere skeleton of what went on. The summer was, as you might expect, one of unusual enjoyment for children, parents and, in fact, the whole town. A little boy on being asked to sign up for a summer health camp—one that he had attended for several years as a prevention case—exclaimed, "Gee whiz! It seems I'm getting the breaks for the first time ever this summer. I don't know what to do, between all this fun over at the field and this lake camp!"

In a softball game, the batter, about 14, was whiffing at everything that came along. High or low, close or far out, he tried at and missed them all.

A boy jeered from the sidelines, "You bat just like Joe DiMaggio!"

Like a shot the batter came back with, "Oh, is he a good batter, too?"

Quickness of mind as well as of body is learned on the play field, and not only the pat retort but good humor under ribbing. A boy has learned a valuable lesson if he can "take it."

The program was launched in Rapid City as an all-community, all-out event, by dedication of a flagpole on the field and raising of a flag. Legionnaire Joe Manley—give him credit—had procured the steel pole, virtually singlehanded, and had it installed; and Legionnaire I. H. Chase—give him credit, too—had bought and presented the flag. Fittingly a boy of Swedish parentage and an Indian boy raised Old Glory. Every day in which the field was in use thereafter began and ended with all present standing at attention and saluting the flag, going up and coming down. "I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America and the country for which it stands—"

When Ike Chase saw the flag raised that first day, it made such a splendid sight, the crowd was so enthusiastic and everybody so deeply stirred that he was sorry the flag wasn't larger, adequate though it was, and he promised a larger one next year.

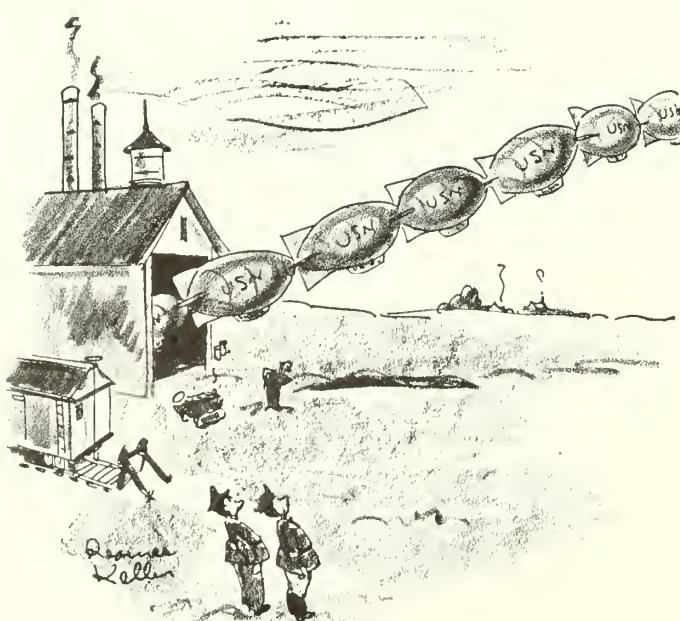
A town that for nine weeks has been the home of a President of the United States must ever after be a little different from other towns not so favored. In subtle ways, Calvin Coolidge left his mark on Rapid City.

At an outdoor gathering on the school grounds to which Mr. Coolidge spoke, an old man at the edge of the crowd stood intent, motionless, tears trickling down his face. The incident is recalled today but not the identity of the man. Roughly clad and weather worn, he may have been, it was thought, a settler from far up in the hills who was wont to do his trading in some other town.

The man was moved because he was in the presence of history. He had imagination. Before him he saw not Coolidge, the man, but the continuous line of all the Presidents from Washington through Lincoln and on to Coolidge himself. He saw a thin chain of rude settlements along the Atlantic seaboard and a great people between the oceans, free, self-governing, tolerant, united, powerful, prosperous, happy.

Because Rapid City Post of the Legion has the respect and confidence of the community, the Post's leadership in the recreation enterprise was readily accepted. The Post, with a membership of around 300, has a reputation for community service.

There is the matter of iron lungs, for instance. Two of the three iron lungs in Rapid City, a large and a small one, were bought by popular subscription in a drive launched by the Post and the 40 & 8. Even the third, a large one, was indirectly, perhaps, a result of that drive. It was given by a private donor after the fund drive was on.



"We're getting mass production since Schultz, the frankfurter king, took charge!"

Rapid City Legionnaires claim their State is the Iron-Lung State of the Union. There are seventeen large iron lungs in South Dakota, they will tell you, all but the one in Rapid City bought with money raised through the push of the Legion, the 40 & 8 or the Legion Auxiliary, or of two of them or all three.

But iron lungs in South Dakota are another story, so let's get back to the physical-fitness goal in Rapid City.

As the drive there got going, various organizations asked to have part in expanding it and making it serviceable to more people. As a result, an all-community advisory committee or "council" was in the making this fall. Groups that had voiced a desire for representation in it included the Rotary club, Lions' club, Cosmopolitan club, Elks lodge, Parents and Teachers' association, Ministerial association, Central Labor Union, Knights of Columbus, Business and Professional Women's club, Junior Chamber of Commerce, Y. W. C. A. and Masonic lodge.

"The war has directed attention"—Department Chairman Gronert now speaking—"to the importance of physical fitness of all ages of people. What the Legion is doing to promote such fitness fits into the Federal Government's plans for civilian defense and the general welfare program being advanced by it.

"We have found that the best starter for a recreation program in a community is to show the official Legion-sponsored film, 'Making the Most of Playtime.' Our committee will try to get an ample

number of copies of this film into the State and have all communities see it.

"Philip, South Dakota, is a town of under 1,000. When District Commander Nielsen, the inspired Peter the Hermit of this crusade in our State, showed the film there, it set the wheels going as it had in Rapid City. Through Legion effort, directed by the enthusiastic commander of the Legion Post in Philip, Mrs. Audie Carr Wilkerson, that community has completed a project which doubles as a swimming pool in summer and a skating rink in winter, and another project for tennis courts. With the Philip high-school coach as director, this service made glad four hundred boys and girls last summer. Custer, in the southern Black Hills, is another town that is at work in this cause."

Euclid Cobb, the recreation director in Rapid City, stopped a ten-year-old one day last summer and asked why he hadn't been at the field the day before. Attendance is voluntary but a daily record is kept. The boy had been one of the most regular, active in football, softball, track, what not.

"Well, Mr. Cobb," the boy said, "I had swallowed a penny. It was inside me, and—"

He stopped, eying his superior quizzically.

"And what?" asked Cobb.

Rapid City boys like their coach. They are not afraid of him. They talk up to him.

"And," the boy said, "I did not choose to run."

You and the Bill of Rights

(Continued from page 1)

duty of the citizen to contribute to the defense of the nation when called upon to do so, by serving in its armed forces, or by contributing to their support, regardless of the personal or material loss to himself.

This article has special significance for all citizens during the present period of emergency.

ARTICLE IV

THE right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no warrants shall issue, but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized.

The citizen should sign no warrant, nor take any other action to bring others to judgment before the law, but upon probable cause, nor should such action or lack of action be determined by personal or family relationships, or by feelings of animosity or affection.

ARTICLE V

NO PERSON shall be held to answer for a capital, or otherwise infamous crime, unless on a presentment or indictment of a grand jury, except in cases arising in the land or naval forces, or in the militia, when in actual service in time of war or public danger; nor shall any person be subject for the same offense to be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb; nor shall be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself, nor be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor shall private property be taken for public use without just compensation.

The citizen should accept freely the obligation to serve on the grand jury, and his decisions as a grand juror should not be influenced by any consideration other than the public interest and the enforcement of the law. When the private property of the citizen is taken for public use, the citizen should not seek to obtain from the Government greater compensation than that which reason-

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ably could be expected if the property were sold for private use.

ARTICLE VI

IN ALL criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial, by an impartial jury of the State and district wherein the crime shall have been committed, which district shall have been previously ascertained by law, and to be informed of the nature and cause of the accusation; to be confronted with the witnesses against him; to have compulsory process for obtaining witnesses in his favor, and to have the assistance of counsel for his defense.

The citizen should accept freely the obligation to serve on the petit jury, and he should weigh with equal care all evidence presented to him as a petit juror, both by the defense and by the prosecution, remembering that the accused is deemed innocent until proved guilty, and that the maintenance of the integrity of the law is essential to the preservation of free government. The citizen should not seek to obstruct the

ends of justice by false testimony, nor by failing to testify fully and honestly, nor by any attempt to obscure the facts in a criminal prosecution, nor by seeking unwarranted delays in judicial processes.

ARTICLE VII

IN SUITS at common law, where the value in controversy shall exceed twenty dollars, the right of trial by jury shall be preserved, and no fact tried by a jury shall be otherwise re-examined in any court of the United States, than according to the rules of the common law.

The right to bring suits at common law should not be abused by suits brought for capricious reasons, nor should such suits be brought until all efforts to settle controversies by amicable means have been exhausted. Appeals should not be taken in such suits for purposes of delay or to obstruct the ends of justice.

ARTICLE VIII

EXCESSIVE bail shall not be required, nor excessive fines im-

posed, nor cruel and unusual punishments inflicted.

The citizen accused of crime and admitted to bail shall not attempt to evade prosecution by the forfeiture of bail, nor should bail be offered when such evasion is in prospect.

ARTICLE IX

THE enumeration in the Constitution of certain rights shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people.

The enumeration of certain duties of the citizen shall not be construed to deny or disparage other obligations of the citizen.

ARTICLE X

THE powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people.

The powers reserved to the States respectively, or to the people, should be exercised in the public interest and not to promote selfish ends.

On Being a Legionnaire

(Continued from page 21)

As he drove into town, Len Legionnaire stopped at the home of Lloyd Scholastic, principal of "Everytown's" High School.

"It's Legion dues collection time again, Lloyd."

"Sorry, Len, that you had to bother and come around to get the four dollars. Year after year it seems as though it's necessary for you to come over and collect."

"Aw, shucks, Lloyd, I like to get out and get the dues in early. It's sort of a habit and gives me a chance to talk things over with some of the post members who don't turn out for many of the meetings. We always know we can count on you any time, though."

"That's something I'm glad you brought up. After Bob Barrister of Boys' State last summer argued me into spending ten days up at University Campus as an adviser, I made up my mind then and there to turn over a new leaf and be on hand at all the post meetings I can make."

"Feeling that I'd probably see you tonight, Lloyd, before I left home I stuck in my pocket one of national's new pamphlets, *Universal Military Training*."

"I'll be happy to look it over, Len. You know that's our state high school debating subject this winter."

"That's just the point, Lloyd. This new pamphlet was written purposely to aid high-school debaters. It presents the

Legion's twenty-year-old argument for such needed training. Too bad we weren't listened to back in the 'twenties. Thanks for the four bucks, Lloyd. Will be seeing you next Monday night down at the post home. Say did you notice in the Legionnaire that the National Orphans of Veterans Committee is dishing out five \$400 scholarships annually?"

"Why that might be a good bet for young Woodrow Williams. Where'll I get the application forms?"

"Adjutant Jim has them, Lloyd."

Len Legionnaire's third call that night was on Joe Melinsko, molder in the "Everytown" Foundry.

"With all the overtime you're getting in these days, Joe, your four dollars for 1942 Legion dues should come easy this year?"

"Sure, I pay, Len. Just as I always have—the good years, the bad years."

"Don't work so hard you can't get down to post meetings, Joe."

"Yeah, I know, I ain't been down for a long time. That's why I want to ask you how the Legion is coming along with that—what you call it?—Widows or Orphans Bill?"

"Oh, you mean the Fourth Point of the Legion's Four-Point program?"

"Yes, my widowed sister Mary in Steeltown. Can't we get the Government to do something for her and the kids since Pete died three years ago? Plenty tough sledding they're having these days. Prices going up. Takes all Mary can

scrape together to keep a roof over their heads."

"Wasn't that the case you were telling me about—that Pete just couldn't get service-connected even though he was in bad shape, and had been mostly since the war? I know that Bill Husseler, Steeltown Service Officer, couldn't seem to scare up that last link of evidence necessary to convince the Veterans Administration."

"Pete, did you ever write Congressman Lawmaker and Senator Arch Candidate?"

"No; should I?"

"Well, the Legion's National Legislative Committee is pretty hot stuff in Washington, but after all, the best they can do is a good job of fronting for the more than a million members back home. If the Legislative Director doesn't get a lot of backing from the home folks of the Senators and Congressmen, it's sometimes mighty tough to get action. Especially when there's a lot of hot emergency legislation being dumped into their laps, these days."

"Sure, I know, but this is sure an emergency for my sister."

"You're right, Joe, and it's high time that Congress got right as well. The dependents of all veterans of wars previous to 1917-18 get such protection. There's nothing fair about discriminating against our needy widows and orphans."

"That's what I say, Len. Seems to

me there wouldn't be much harm, as well, if those men in the Army and Navy now could feel that they, as well as World War vets, are going to have some protection for their dependents, afterward."

"Plenty sound there, Joe. I recall that up at the Milwaukee Convention, we said again that in no case shall widows and dependents of deceased World War veterans be without Government protection. It simply means that a lot of us members have got to give the Legion National Legislative Committee more aggressive support right here at home where it counts most."

"Deal me in, Len. I know some people at the Capital who are going to hear from us Melinskos."

THE following evening Martha Legonnaire asked Len, "Whose dues are you going to get in tonight?"

"I think I'll tackle Doc Busyman. Somebody's been slipping up. Doc hasn't paid his dues since 1937. This is his office night and maybe I can catch him before he gets rushed with patients. So long!"

Driving downtown to Doc's office, Len cogitated about the fact that it had been years since he had seen the medico at a post meeting, or any other gathering for that matter—even Armistice Day. He wondered why. When he finally cornered him during a lull in treating patients, he was greeted with:

"Why doesn't the Legion do something, Len, about this matter of health among children? Every time I see the figures on selective service turn-downs because of physical disability, I start getting mad again. There'd be a job for the Legion to do."

Back in 1932, Len had been Post Child Welfare Chairman, and he remembered that it was about then that the National Child Welfare Division took up the cudgels for educating the public as to the necessity for immunization of children against typhoid, diphtheria and smallpox, and how the Legion was the first great national organization to do this.

Luckily he remembered that the

Legion had presented to the American Medical Association the plan for "Insurance of Child Health" and the Medical Association had accepted the plan—the first time that a lay group had been able to accomplish such a program.

He told the doctor all this, and how it had all been written up in the *Journal* of the Medical Association. "Why, Doc, the program you are now all steamed up about was adopted by the Legion nine years ago."

"You win, Len; here's the four dollars. From now on, I pay you my dues," he laughed.

That was easy, thought Len, as he started to leave, nodding to Jim Lokos, who was sitting in the waiting room. Jim came over to him with a "Say, why don't the Legion do something about a vet's children?"

"What's the trouble, Jim?"

"Why I found these two children out on my rural mail route. They are Tim O'Leary's, who passed away about three months ago. Remember Tim?—he was in my outfit. They need medical attention and haven't any money to pay for it. Doc says they must both have operations."

Len thought a moment, and then remembered that in 1925 the Legion had pledged that "no child of a veteran of the World War would ever be in need of the necessities of life," and stepping to the phone, called the Post Child Welfare Chairman and briefly outlined the situation.

The answer came quickly, "You know, Len, of course, that 'Everyman's' Post can get money from the National Child Welfare Division to pay for those operations, that it can be done quickly and with no red tape."

Reporting back to Jim, Len added, "The Post'll also see to it that there'll be clothing for the children, if needed, food and any other necessities."

Next on Len's list that night was Homer Hardshell. He always approached these annual set-to's with Homer somewhat hesitatingly; sort of with a feeling akin to dread, although knowing that after a certain amount of bluster and irrelevant arguments Homer would

LEGIONNAIRE CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

- J. W. Schlaikjer, Winner (South Dakota) Post.
- Charles H. Coleman, Andrew Dunn Post, Charleston, Illinois.
- William Heaslip, 107th Infantry Post, New York City.
- Robert Ormond Case, Hurlburt-Worsham Post, Portland, Oregon.
- Dana Hubbard, Advertising Men's Post, Chicago, Illinois.
- Will Graven, Advertising Men's Post, New York City.
- William J. Aylward, Post Washington (New York) Post.
- Herbert M. Stoops, First Division Lieut. Jefferson Feigl Post, New York City.
- John R. Tunis, Winchendon (Massachusetts) Post.
- Raymond Sisley, Pacific Post, West Los Angeles, California.
- Thomas J. Malone, Theodor Petersen Post, Minneapolis, Minnesota.
- Frank Buck O'Neill, National Cathedral Post, Washington, D. C.
- Donald G. Glascoff, Ray I. Booth Post, Greenville, Michigan.

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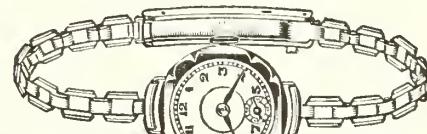
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INDEX of
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Anheuser-Busch, Inc.	
Budweiser	33
Ball Clinic	49
Brooks Co.	49
Calvert Distillers Corp. Special & Reserve Whiskies	41
Carter Medicine Co.	51
Continental Distilling Corp. Old Hickory	Cover III
Doan's Pills	53
Emblem Division	35
Franklin Institute	47
Frontier Asthma Co.	55
General Electric Co.	39
Halvorsen	53
Knox Co., Mendaco	47
Metal Cast Products Co.	53
Mossberg, O.F., & Sons	46
National Carbon Co., Inc.	16, 51, 55, Cover II
National Tuberculosis Ass'n.	37
O'Brien, Clarence A.	53
Page, E. R.	46
Polident	47
Prestone Anti-Freeze	46, 51, 55, Cover II
Progress Tailoring Co.	55
Reeves Bros., Inc.	51
Remington Arms Co., Inc.	2
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. Camels	Cover IV
Seagram Distillers Corp. 5 Crown Whiskey	45
Stonefield	46
Superior Match Pants Co.	49
Union Carbide & Carbon Corp.	46, 51, 55, Cover II
United Factories	46
U.S. Army Recruiting Service	43
Walker, Hiram & Sons Ten High Whiskey	3
Wilson Chemical Co.	53
Woodstock Typewriter Co.	46
Zanol	51

come across with another year's payment of dues.

"Well, Len," barked Homer belligerently as Len approached his porch, "I see you're again out collecting Legion dues for those brass-hats at Department and National Headquarters to squander. I wish someone could explain to me just why I continue to pay that four dollars to you fellows. What do I get out of it, anyway?"

"About a hundred times what your dues cost you, Homer. If I didn't think that to be true would I be around tonight spending my time and gasoline in the effort to maintain 'Everyman's' Post as a strong and flourishing organization?"

Patiently he explained. "Now, \$1 of your dues goes to National Headquarters and \$1 to Department Headquarters each year—"

"We could get along without either of them," growled Homer. "I wish we'd formed a local veterans' club at the start and kept all that money at home where it belongs."

"Ever attended a Department or National Convention, Homer?"

"No, what for?"

"Ever dropped in for lunch at that fine clubhouse in Big City?"

"Naw, they wouldn't pay any attention to a small-town bird like me, if I did."

"Ever been down to Department Headquarters?"

"The same goes double for the guys at Department."

"Then you listen to me, Homer Hardshell. What you don't know about

the Legion! Why, the dollar which goes to National gives you a monthly magazine and newspaper which alone are worth four or five dollars in any man's currency. How about the Legion Magazine and the National Legionnaire?"

"Yeah, they're not bad. Once in a blue moon they write about some place I've been or some fellow I've known in service."

"And Homer, you'd jump quick enough at the opportunity of riding the devil out of the Indianapolis and Washington offices, if you had a personal job you wanted them to do for you. You'd forget about the few cents a year you pay toward the support those headquarters."

"I don't suppose it makes any difference to you that it took a couple of years of battling on the part of our Service Officer, the Department Service Officer and the National Rehab Office to get that badly-needed monthly compensation check for good old Barney Comp-earned over on 11th Street."

"Where do you think the money comes from to run those Junior Baseball schedules and playoffs? Who's carrying the load on Boys' States, Oratorical Contests, Thanksgiving and Christmas Baskets, Foreign-Born Citizenship Schools, textbook researches, safety programs, the efforts to fight subversive activities?" Len stopped to draw breath.

"Hold it! Hold it! I'll pay up. Here's the four bucks. It's worth it not to hear you finish that same old speech again, Len. How about a pinochle game after post meeting next week?"

Where Were You That Dec. 25th?

(Continued from page 30)

heavy frying-pan. The fire was built of small twigs (fagots) and kept going with a small blower.

"After this appreciated dinner — a change from our usual mess—we went on a hunting trip with our host, going into the hills to get some wild boar. We enjoyed our Christmas visit very much, even though no game was secured.

NEXT, our holiday journey of reminiscences takes us up into the Rhineland of Germany, where now the spirit of Christmas appears to be dead.

At any rate, the chow and cheer were both good, as witness the Christmas dinner party of Headquarters Company, 150th Field Artillery (Indiana's contribution to the Rainbow Division) which is pictured on page 30. The photograph came from Legionnaire Charles Kenneth Bright of 703 North Third Street, Covington, Indiana, with this story:

"Having recently had some enlargements made of the enclosed picture of the Christmas Day dinner of Headquar-

ters Company, 150th Field Artillery, 42d Division, taken in Bad Neuenahr, Germany, in the Occupied Area, on December 25, 1918, I thought possibly the gang shown, and other Then and Nowers, would like to see it.

"Men from all parts of the country were in the company and perhaps they do not have a copy of the picture or did not have an opportunity even to see it after it was taken. The dinner was held in a banquet room of the west-end hotel, known as the Hotel Schroeder.

"I cannot recall the menu but believe it was the regular issue of rations with just a few things added that did not come to us through the Army. We were entertained during dinner by an orchestra composed of some members of our 150th Regimental Band. I wonder where the men who enjoyed that Christmas party are scattered now?"

NOW that the pigskin is being booted and passed around again, we thought it a good time to surprise an old friend, Ben Getzoff, Legionnaire and ardent Fourth Division supporter,

who at last report was Agency Supervisor of the Central Life Insurance Company of Illinois in Chicago. Ben sent along the picture of his Division's football team more than several years ago and we're just now getting an opportunity to let the Gang see it. Hope the shock of seeing his contribution won't have serious results for Ben, whose letter of transmittal follows:

"Under separate cover I am sending you a picture of the Fourth (Regular Army) Division's football team and with it a partial listing of the team's members. In the first place, I would like to complete the roster of the team, and in the second place, there may be some 4th Division veterans, including the team members, who might like a copy of this picture for their war archives. I am not trying to profit—twenty-five cents will cover the cost of the print and mailing.

"The picture was taken at Coblenz, Germany, in February, 1919, and as my memory serves me with names, here is the line-up. First row, left to right, Allen, Fish, Coffin, Burke, Dale, Moriarity, Sibert, Roderick, Ward, Littlejohn. Second row, same order: Prickett, unknown, unknown, Albro, Morse, unknown, Pence, Hull, Smith, unknown. Third row: Colonel Max B. Garber, Dewey, Tipton, unknown, Anderson, Getzoff, the next five in order unknown, Rasmussen, unknown, and Thatcher.

"The Captain Fish in the first row is the present Congressman Hamilton Fish of New York. Allen, better known as 'Babe,' played at Yale; Coffin was a star at West Point, as was 'Bull' Tipton. Moriarity was an outstanding tackle from Georgetown and Ward claimed the same school as his Alma Mater. Smith of Drake was a powerful line bucker. Tenney of Brown, a brilliant half-back, is not in the group, and I am not sure if Henning of Michigan State College (then the Michigan Aggies) is in the picture.

"Our 4th Division Team defeated the 42d (Rainbow) Division, Fourth Corps and 2d Division Teams, only to lose the 3d Army Finals to the 89th Division Team which went on to win the A. E. F. Championship." [And that last team, Ben, was the team that represented this department's outfit! — *The Company Clerk.*]

AS THIS department forecast in November, the movement is already underway for outfit reunions in New Orleans, Louisiana, during the Legion National Convention in that city next September 21st to 24th. The early birds get the big reunion attendance and, with the National Association American Balloon Corps Veterans leading off with an announcement in the November issue, we can add a few more to the on-their-toes group. Details of the following New Orleans National Convention reunions

may be obtained from the Legionnaires whose names and addresses are listed:

NATL. ASSOC. AMER. BALLOON CORPS VETS.—11th annual national reunion. Thomas W. Murphy, reunion chmn., 30 Porter av., Ocean Springs, Miss.

AIR SERV. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual convention reunion. Harry E. Stone, natl. comdr., 65 Poplar St., Danvers, Mass.

SIERRA, A.E.F.—5th annual natl. reunion. L. A. McQuiddy, natl. adjt., 1112½ Menlo Av., Los Angeles, Calif.

20TH DIV. ASSOC.—Annual natl. reunion. Harry McBride, 1234 26th St., Newport News, Va.

Co. E, 16TH INF.—Proposed reunion. F. H. (Cpl. Red) Ashby, 612 Av. E, Ft. Madison, Iowa.

WORLD WAR NAVY RADIOMEN—Annual natl. reunion and All-Navy headquarters. New Orleans. Mark Feder, Yeoman, York, Pa.

U. S. S. Charleston—Reunion of crew. Write A. H. Russell, Modern Cafe, Three Rivers, Tex.

REUNIONS and activities at times and places other than the Legion National Convention, follow:

4TH DIV. ASSOC.—All "Ivy" men residing in Louisiana, Mississippi, Tennessee and Arkansas, send name, address, former outfit and rank, to Edw. J. Maire, natl. historian, 1170 N. Cummings St., Los Angeles, Calif.

5TH (RED DIAMOND) DIV.—To obtain copy regimental roster, write Elmer Taylor, secy.-treas., Box 2642, Firestone Park, Akron, Ohio.

SOC. OF 28TH DIV.—For membership in organization of 5,000 members, write Lambert J. Sullenberger, natl. v.-p., 535 S. Lime St., Lancaster, Pa.

29TH (BLUE & GRAY) DIV. ASSOC.—For membership, copies assoc. publications, and information about official 29th Div. medl., write Earle McGowan, natl. adjt., 1383 Rittenhouse St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

32D DIV. VET. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Chicago, Ill., Sept. 5-6, 1942. Lester Benston, chmn., c/o American Legion, 205 Wacker Dr., Chicago, or Byron Beveridge, secy., Capitol, Madison, Wise.

33D DIV. WAR VETS. ASSOC.—For membership, send name and address to John H. Plattner, secy., Hotel Morrison, Chicago, Ill.

RAINBOW (42D) DIV. VETS.—Natl. reunion, Orlando, Fla., July 13-15. Barney J. Sullivan, reunion chmn., Court House, Orlando.

77TH DIV.—All 77th Div. vets can purchase Division World War medal, Walter J. Baldwin, secy., 28 E. 39th St., New York City.

332D INF. ASSOC. (including 331ST F. H. UNIT)—21st annual reunion, Canton, Ohio, Sept. 5-6, 1942. A. A. Grable, secy., Canton.

CO. K, 62D INF.—Copy of company panorama photograph taken at Camp Meade, Md., Oct. 26, 1918, may be obtained by any veteran of company who writes to Mrs. Lyman Spencer, 342 N. Jackson St., Roseburg, Ore.

CO. A, 337TH M. G. B.—For roster and reunion plans, write Byron I. Lundberg, Box K, Dayton, Iowa.

1ST CORPS ART. PARK—Annual reunion, Pittsburgh, Pa., July 4-5, 1942. Emory Janison, 1905 Charles St., Wellsburg, W. Va.

VETS. 13TH ENGRS.—Annual reunion, St. Joseph, Mo., June 19-21, 1942. Jas. A. Elliott, secy.-treas., 721 E. 21st St., Little Rock, Ark.

19TH ENGRS. (R.Y.) ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Philadelphia, Pa. For date, write F. P. Conway, secy., 4414 Sansom St., Philadelphia.

BASE HOSP. 101, ST. NAZARE—For free roster, send name and address to Lee E. McDermott, Box 2271, Denver, Colo.

118TH AMB. CO.—For reunion information, write Mrs. Charles Mease, Canton, N. C.

UTILITIES DET., CAMP DODGE, 1918—Annual spring frolic, Minneapolis, Minn., Apr. 11. Ray Luther, comdr., 5317 Park Av., Minneapolis.

COAST GUARD—All-Coast Guard reunion-dinner dance, Hotel McAlpin, New York City, Feb. 14, 1942, under auspices USS Tampa Post CG. Write H. M. Ragan, comdr., 162 Harrison Av., Jersey City, N. J., or Chas. A. Wall, chmn., 147 Crown St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

NORTH SEA MINE FORCE ASSOC., PACIFIC COAST CHAPTER—For membership and reunion news, write Jimmie Gee, organizer, 1626 Illinois St., Vallejo, Calif.

ADRIATIC FLEET—Reunion of ex-crew members of all ships, Richie Sierer, Far Rockaway (New York) High School.

U. S. S. Indianapolis—Reunion entire crew. Albert Jaster, 1453 Walbridge Av., Toledo, Ohio.

U. S. S. Iowa—6th reunion, Lake Aquilla, Chardon, Ohio, July 26, 1942. Wendell R. Lerch, secy., 348 Front St., Berea, Ohio.

U. S. S. Nevada—Proposed reunion, Boston, Mass., summer, 1942. Jack Geary or Paul McGrath, Engine 32, Boston Fire Dept., Bunker Hill St., Charlestown, Mass.

U. S. N. R. F., WHIDBY ISLAND, IRELAND, 1918—Proposed reunion. Write Roy G. Hickner, Marshfield, Wisc.

AIR SERV. VETS. ASSOC.—For membership and proposed convention, Boston, Mass., all vets of all branches Air Serv., write Harry E. Stone, natl. comdr., 65 Poplar St., Danvers, Mass.

JOHN J. NOLL
Associate Editor

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—as long as dealers' supplies
of "Prestone" anti-freeze
last. National Defense needs
have created a shortage. Buy
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**THE AMERICAN LEGION
NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA
FINANCIAL STATEMENT**

September 30, 1941

Assets

Cash on hand and on deposit	\$ 476,476.43
Accounts receivable	82,564.70
Inventories	112,085.23
Invested funds	2,475,192.22
Permanent investment:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund	211,382.33
Office building, Washington, D. C., less depreciation	126,304.31
Furniture, fixtures and equipment, less depreciation	43,325.47
Deferred charges	25,110.35
	\$3,552,441.10

Liabilities, Deferred Revenue and Net Worth

Current liabilities	\$ 121,664.44
Funds restricted as to use	42,550.26
Deferred revenue	289,794.99
Permanent trust:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund	211,382.33
Net Worth:	
Restricted capital...\$2,384,726.75	
Unrestricted capital.. 502,622.33	\$2,887,349.08
	\$3,552,441.10

FRANK E. SAMUEL, *National Adjutant*

AFTER the close of the World War Legionnaire Frank Thompson, of Indiana, and his American wife spent several years in Africa, where two of their children were born. When census time came around a couple of years ago a young lady enumerator called at the Thompson home with her bulging portfolio and long list of questions. When told that two of the children had been born in Africa, she appeared to be a bit uncertain and embarrassed but kept on writing. Finally she burst out: "Pardon me, but I just must ask you, did it affect their color?"

THIS one comes from Dan Davis of Bisbee, Arizona, who avers that a young fellow, with the right sort of backing, applied for a city job. He was required to take what passed for a civil service examination and sailed along smoothly until he came to the question. "A man buys an article for \$12.25 and sells it for \$9.75; does he gain or lose on the transaction?

After pondering the proposition for a while the applicant wrote down, "He gains on the cents but loses on the dollars."

J. MITCHELL PILCHER, Past Commander of Claude McCall Post, Brewton, Alabama, says that when he commanded the Post he invited George Cameron, State Service Commissioner, to address a banquet meeting. "The most ghastly experience I can recall," said the Commissioner in the course of his talk, "took place in this part of Alabama when, during prohibition days, I was compelled to spend ten days in a small town—not in the 'clink,' mind you—where we had to live for day after day ten long days on nothing but food and water."

AND another one from Legionnaire Don Allen of Wadsworth, Kansas. A recruit was anxious to impress the top kicker; wanted the top to know that the recruit was something more than a chap who had just enlisted. "See that medal?" he said, "I got that for expert target shooting."

"Uh-huh," snorted the topper as he drew a fine watch out of his pocket. "See that watch? I got that for expert crap shooting!"

WHILE in France," says Legionnaire Bernard O. Swanson of Valley City, North Dakota, "my outfit moved up into an area occupied by a regiment of colored infantry, then undergoing an intensive training in trench-digging. After some weeks of pick and shovel work, a young second lieutenant came tripping down to a section where there seemed to be a little confusion. "Who's in charge here?" he bawled. "Where is the sergeant in charge of this section? Does he know that this portion of the trench has caved in?"

"No, sir," patiently answered a colored corporal. "He don't know it yet. But he will, just as soon as we dig him out!"

BURSTS ONE MAN'S BURST IS AND DUDS ANOTHER MAN'S DUD

THE county was occupied by troops on maneuvers. A battle problem had been in progress for nearly a week when a lady, approaching a bridge, was halted by a sentry. "Lady, you can't cross that bridge. It has been blown up."

"Blown up!" ex postulated the lady. "You're crazy! That bridge is there where it has always been and I'm going to cross it!"



". . . And for a really tight spot, you've got this!"

"No, you can't," replied the soldier. "That bridge has been blown up and I've been put here to keep people from going across on it!"

Puzzled and perplexed, the traveler turned to a soldier standing nearby. "Is that man crazy, or am I? He says the bridge has been blown up and I can see that it hasn't been touched."

"You can't prove anything by me," chuckled the bystander soldier. "I've been dead for three days."

IVE got a perfect news story," breathlessly announced the cub reporter.

The city editor turned wearily. "Man bite a dog?" he asked facetiously.

"Naw," chirped the cub, "a bull threw a Congressman!"

LEONNAIRE GEORGE FLY of Biloxi, Mississippi, says a youngster had been called before a draft board in one of the down-south sections. He was being

questioned after the medicos had pronounced him hard as a rock, sound as a dollar, and fit for service.

"Can you write?" queried the chairman.

"Nope."

"Can you read?"

"Wa-al, yes and no. I kin read figgers purty well but I don't do so good with words."

"How's that?" asked the chairman.

"Wa-al, take these here signs along the road. When I want to go somewhar, I kin read how fur but not whurto!"

TWO old coon hunters were swapping tall stories about their dogs. "Why," said one of them, "I had a yaller hound onct and every time just before I went hunting I'd whittle out a board in the shape of a coon hide stretcher, just to show him the size of the one I wanted, then I'd set it outside where he could see it. Well, sir, would you believe it, one day my wife set the ironin' board outside and that dern critter ain't come back yet!"

THIS one comes from Herman A. Wenige, Service Officer of Lawrence Capehart Post, Jeffersonville, Indiana. The Garden Club was holding its first meeting; a member who had just taken an overdose of culture, but knew little about plants and their names, was directing the fire. She was impressive.

"Now," she said to the gardener, "I think we ought to have a row of those tall salivas. What do you think we should put in front of them?"

It was a poser, but the gardener kept a straight face when he replied: "How about a row of spittonnias?"

LEONNAIRE I. L. JONES of Ottumwa, Iowa, spins his favorite wheeze about the old-timer who applied for a soft job as watchman at a railroad crossing. "You will have to undergo a strict examination," cautioned the superintendent.

"Ask me anything you like," bragged the applicant.

"All right," said the examiner. "Now let's proceed. Suppose you were at the crossing and two trains are coming along at sixty miles an hour, head on. What would you do?"

"Well, I'd blow my whistle."

"Yes, but suppose your whistle was out of order."

"I'd take my red shirt off and wave it."

"But," continued the examiner, "suppose all this happened at night."

"Then," was the quick comeback, "I'd swing m' lantern."

"But suppose you had no oil in your lantern."

"In that case," replied the applicant, "I'd call m' sister."

"Your sister? What for?" queried the examiner, in surprise.

"I'd just say to her," calmly replied the applicant, "Sis, come on down here and see the goldurnest wreck you ever saw in all your born life!"

OLD HICKORY SEZ:

I can't remember tasting better whisky!

This magnificent straight whisky has a sturdy quality which instantly appeals to all. It's an all-American whisky, honest, rugged. A whisky that commands your respect.

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PRINCE ALBERT

If he smokes a pipe, a big, long-lasting pound of cool-burning Prince Albert spells smoking pleasure 'way into the New Year . . . at camp, on ship, at home. Prince Albert is choice tobacco, "no-bite" treated for mildness and "crimp cut." It's the National Joy Smoke. There's no other tobacco like it. Your local dealer has two handsome Prince Albert "specials" . . . the pound tin (*above*) or the special glass humidor jar. (The humidor itself makes a handsome gift!) Get yours today.

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GIFTS THAT ARE SURE TO PLEASE IN BEAUTIFUL CHRISTMAS WRAPPERS